

December

The American Mercury



- Should Wives Work? *Frank L. Hopkins*
Soviet Russia Goes on Sale *Lawrence Dennis*
Adultery on Wheels *Anthony M. Turano*
Love in a Kitchenette *Josephine Lawrence*
The Civil Liberties Union *Harold Lord Varney*
Wanted: More Neurotics *Louis E. Bisch*
The Politician's Opinion of You *Albert Jay Nock*
Only Saps Pay Retail Prices *Hannah Lees*
NLRB — Industry's New Dictator *U. V. Wilcox*
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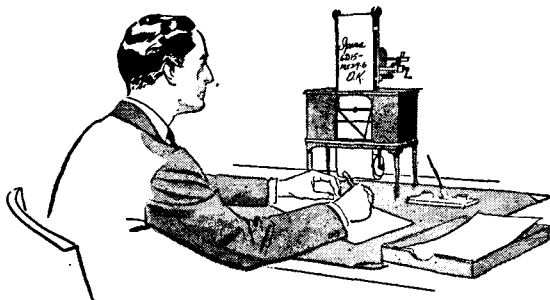
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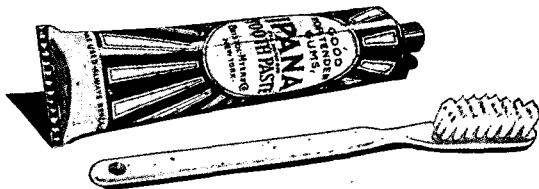
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VOLUME
XXXIX

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THE OPEN FORUM

[Letters from readers, on any subject, will be welcomed to these pages]

FOOTBALL, PRO AND AMATEUR

SIR: By this time you will have received a score or more letters regarding that most informative article in November's MERCURY, "More Pay For College Football Stars", and doubtless you will be sick of the subject. But don't let that worry you. There are quite a few of us who aspire to a bit of balance in college athletics and in reference to this I for one feel that you have done a splendid job.

In the first place, I should state that I am ten years out of college and that my alma mater is in your Group C. I never attempted to make the football team when at Princeton, but I captained a minor sport team as well as earned my letter in other minor sports. As a survivor of the late F. Scott Fitzgerald Jazz Era, possibly I have some perspective regarding the foibles of our great "educational" institutions. Those of us who have been impartial have been perfectly aware of the facts you have brought forth in your article.

I can recall the bitter disappointment of a well-known Pittsburgh alumnus when in 1925 he sat in my room at Brown Hall and discussed a certain athlete who had a class scholarship and imagine his crust — he hadn't gone out for football and had gypped his backers by becoming interested in *history*. Imagine it! He eventually got a Phi Beta Kappa key and the Pittsburgh group considered themselves sold down the river by the boy who, after all, was only a good athlete they had dug up from the high school at Tarentum, Pa. Per-

sonally I agreed with the Pittsburgh alumnus and still do. The boy was in the wrong. He was supposed to be a good halfback and violated his contract. The poor idiot became so impressed with the educational opportunity offered at Princeton University that he forgot what he was there for. The temptation was too much for him. Exposed to the dangerous virus as expounded by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the Congress at Berlin, he went haywire and sold his birthright. Double crossing, I calls it!

I claim that football is a rotten game from start to finish. It teaches poor sportsmanship, commercialism, and bad manners. Furthermore, football is slow and it has become a bore to watch. With a decimal timer and stop-watch, I timed a college game here in Cleveland about three years ago. For every five minutes of action there were nineteen minutes during which the boys mopped their faces, took time out, went into huddles, and unscrambled from mountains of flesh. Contrast this with tennis, polo, rugger, or even baseball. American football today is a bore and were it not for the sporting writers who have successfully ballyhooed the game, it might have died a natural death. The alumni might have kept it alive for a time, but the publicity has been the great force. Gate receipts and crowded stadiums sprang from the sport page of the daily papers.

In my opinion, the late Knute Rockne was the most malignant influence on

(Continued on page vi)

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page iv)

American athletics within the last twenty-five years. He believed that one should win and that in order to win, any method was suitable. If tear gas had been permissible, Rockne would have used it. I am sick of the mush written about this great paragon of muscular virtue. I am sick of all the professional coaching gang and that includes coaches of my own alma mater. Please publish an article on the late Mr. Rockne before he is canonized and becomes beyond reach of mere mortals. If you wish, you can do the same with the late Bill Roper without hurting my feelings, although I rather liked Bill. He would have loved to play the game in a decent manner but we alumni were against him. It's our fault.

JULIAN W. FEISS

Cleveland

SIR: As an alumnus of Columbia, and one who has followed her football fortunes closely, I was very much interested in your article in which you rate us in Class C as professionals. Until the advent of Percy Haughton, we had mediocre teams, and I suppose in those days we would have been honored with your A classification, because every one of the teams in that category is rather inept. When Haughton came, the teams started to get better, so then I suppose we should have received your B accolade. But they did not start to get really good till Lou Little came along, and I assume this is why we get the works now.

Your classification is absurd, of course, because anyone who knows anything about college football knows that Columbia is no better and no worse than the other teams in the so-called Ivy

(Continued on page viii)

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page vi)

League which constantly appear on her schedules. Penn, Dartmouth, Army, Navy, Cornell, Yale, Princeton, etc., all proceed in exactly the same way to get material, in a greater or lesser degree. I will say this for Columbia, that athlete or no, the applicant for admission has to pass rigid entrance tests, and that if all the rejected athletes who have tried to get in during the past five years could be assembled on one club, you'd have several Rose Bowl teams. Anyone who knows conditions up there can give you the names; it is needless to recount them here. Now if Columbia is so professional, why doesn't she let them all in? Why are her squads constantly limited to thirty men, light in weight, and not overly impressive otherwise? If she were really buying and paying them, why aren't they like Notre Dame's, 150 strong? And why, after the athletes are in, does Columbia's faculty insist on flunking them out if they don't keep up to snuff in her rather high eligibility standards? Did you ever hear of a Notre Dame star being kept out for ineptitude in studies? But of course, Notre Dame is only *semi*-pro, Columbia is pro. What a laugh!

If you want to give yourself a more authoritative ring, get wise to yourself about Notre Dame. If Columbia were even near her in degree of subsidization, proselyting, and recruiting, I'd be the first to recommend abolition of the game on Morningside Heights. Everyone but you seems aware of the situation at South Bend. As a matter of fact, there should be a Class D for Pitt, Minnesota, Fordham, St. Mary's, Colgate, and such.

J. L.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued on page x)

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page viii)

SIR: It was with much interest that I read the article in the November issue on the football situation. On examining your lists of Classes A, B, and C among the colleges, I agree in general with your choices with the following possible exceptions. From my own personal observations I would put Brown in the semi-pro class. I certainly would put Notre Dame in the professional class. If there ever is or was a "football factory", it is Notre Dame. True, it is reported that Notre Dame does not pay cash out of hand to its players, but this institution of learning appears to possess a very highly developed proselyting system; its football men are not overburdened by college expenses and the reward of lucrative coaching positions after graduation is temptingly held out.

A little over two years ago the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* published an article by me expressing the same sentiments as yours as to the professionalizing of college football, which article seemed to arouse a little indignation among some of the football followers. You may recall that I had a little flurry with the football coaching public about a year ago over this situation. As a result, my "fan mail" was quite voluminous for about three weeks, of which about 95% was highly commendatory, the other 5% was almost scurrilous in its attacks upon me for so daring to trespass upon this sacred field.

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ON DENUDING NUDISM

SIR: Anthony M. Turano sets out to denude Nudism in THE MERCURY. Upon
(Continued on page xii)

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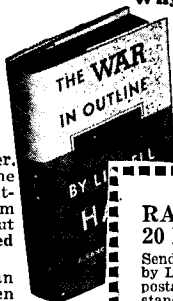
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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page x)

reading his clever article, one must admit that there is a lot of wit packed into his lines, but no Nudist reading them will for one minute accuse Mr. Turano of being one of the brotherhood. It is obvious he has never been inside a Nudist camp.

The esoteric students all over the world believe that the word Adam means the ever-living, omnipresent consciousness of the Cosmos. The letters A-D-A-M merely indicate the directions of the heavens from the Greeks: Arctos — North, Dusys — South, Anatole — East, Mesembria — West. We do the same thing in the English language in the word *news*, meaning happenings in the North, the East, the West, and the South. Gratuities, generally called tips, mean something given To Insure Prompt Service.

This cosmic consciousness expressed itself first in the plant represented by the fig leaf and later became covered by the skin of an animal. This evidently is our skin. It may have been more hairy a few hundred million years ago. There is still considerable hair on the scalp of most people, although I cannot be sure about Mr. Turano's. It grows there because it is so much exposed, we are told, and the Nudists will get hairy all over by exposing their entire bodies to the sunshine. The funny part about this is that very conventional peoples who never expose their pubic region grow a great deal of hair on that part of the body.

As to the curative value of sunshine, I would remind Mr. Turano of an Italian proverb which says: "Dove no va il Sol, il Dottore va," meaning, where the sun does not go, the doctor will go. (Continued in back adv't section, p. xx)

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The American MERCURY

THE CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION

Liberalism à la Moscow

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

IF ANY informed observer of contemporary American Radicalism were asked to single out the organization which is doing the most fruitful work to advance the so-called Class War in America today, his answer would be immediate. He would name the American Civil Liberties Union. Indeed, it is doubtful if, without the ACLU, there would exist a Red problem in the Republic in anything approaching its present seriousness.

True, such a revolutionary category for this supposedly respectable organization may seem fantastic to the average layman, for the fiction of the "Liberalism" of the ACLU has been firmly implanted in the popular mind. But unfortu-

nately, there is nothing fantastic about the day-to-day services which the Union is lavishing upon the struggling torch-bearers of the American Communist movement. It has been the genius of Director Roger N. Baldwin and his militant coterie to serve their revolutionary causes under the deceptive insignia of liberty. They have won immunity by wrapping their activities in the honored vestments of the Bill of Rights; they have been able to exploit the idealism of hundreds of influential Americans who would scorn to be identified with a revolutionary movement, but who have been convinced that the ACLU is a needed champion of threatened American liberties. It is hardly necessary to add that this

disarming assumption of Liberalism has been the Union's strongest asset in waging its ceaseless struggle for Communist "rights".

A few months ago, for instance, Mr. Alexander Woollcott, who rarely expresses a political opinion, paused in his Town Crier broadcast to make a personal plea to his vast army of listeners to send money to the ACLU to assist its worthy fight against "censorship". In his annual report, Director Baldwin gleefully recounts that the Union gained 300 new members in reply to this appeal. In view of the fact that Mr. Woollcott was speaking on a commercial program sponsored by a "capitalistic" manufacturer, we must admire Mr. Baldwin's skill in thus commandeering conservative aid to the support of his revolutionary work. In this instance, Mr. Woollcott, a genuine Liberal, was persuaded that the Union was primarily a defender of artistic freedom against the throttling hand of censorship. Had he looked a little more closely into the activities of the Union, however, he would have discovered that at the very moment when he was eulogizing its battles for stage freedom, the American League Against War and Fascism, with which the Union is affiliated and whose national chairman, Dr.

Harry F. Ward, is also national chairman of the Union, was doing some resolute censoring of its own by sending out organized pickets to coerce theater owners into halting the exhibition of *Riff Raff*, *Red Salute*, and other films in which, according to the League, Communism was being misrepresented. Obviously, censorship ceases to be a concern of the Union when Communism does the censoring.

A list of instances revealing the recurrent Leftist purpose which animates virtually all Mr. Baldwin's furious crusades for civil liberties would fill volumes. While it is true that he has the shrewdness to make occasional sideswipes at non-Radical cases, they are little more than window-dressing. Ninety per cent of his activities, as the Fish Congressional Committee first disclosed in 1930, revolve around Communist cases. Even in those crusades which seem to have no direct connection with the Comrades, it will be found almost invariably that they connect somewhere with the devious strategy of the Party Line.

To obtain a simplified picture of the actual role of the Civil Liberties Union in the American revolutionary movement, it can best be visualized as a vast insurance system for revolutionists. As such, it

is a factor of incalculable value to the Left. In former years, American extremists were restrained from many coercive activities by the realization that illegal action would encounter punishment in the courts. The poets notwithstanding, potential martyrs are not numerous in the revolutionary ranks. Though there are always plenty who are willing to enjoy the gaudy publicity of police-defiance and arrest — so long as they realize that bail money and skilled legal defense are awaiting them at the courthouse — there are not so many who are willing to go to prison unpublicized and undefended. It was the absence of any well-supported publicity organization and legal defense for so-called political prisoners which, in the past, restrained lunatic-fringers, in any number, from violent action.

The contribution which the Union has brought to the Radical movement is its guarantee that every "Class Struggle" prisoner can now be certain of high-caliber, gratuitous legal defense, and of an expert, heroic publicity build-up in the press. With the incorrigible sentimentality of American justice, such protection means court immunity for Red lawbreakers in all except the rarest instances. It is tantamount to saying to the psycho-

pathic and publicity-craving irresponsibles of the Left: "Go ahead without fear and try anything you think will injure the present system! We will stand behind you with bail money, batteries of famous lawyers, and publicity facilities which will get your names on the front page. No harm will come to you." It is not surprising that, in the confident knowledge that Mr. Baldwin and his 800 volunteer lawyers stand vigilantly behind them, all the fifty-seven varieties of America's extremists are now rushing forward to feverish activity in the labor warfare movement.

To explode the public misconceptions surrounding the true purpose of the Union, a brief survey of actual ACLU activity in a typical Left-wing labor struggle will be enlightening. Let us take the recent RCA strike in Camden, New Jersey, which was waged under the general leadership of Mr. John L. Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organization; for Camden was a perfect dress rehearsal of the Union's strike technique. First, there was the usual provocation and baiting of the police by illegal mass picketing. When strikers were arrested for such defiance, ACLU lawyers rushed to Camden and pathetic stories of "police brutality" were ground out for the

press by publicity men. Next came the familiar "investigation" racket. Under the auspices of the "National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners", an ACLU false-face, a carefully selected committee of so-called "Liberals" — practically all Radical sympathizers — appeared in Camden to conduct an "impartial investigation". After listening to a procession of hand-picked witnesses, the committee rushed to the newspapers with a report alleging intolerable "police brutality", and endorsing the aims of the strikers.

When these familiar tear-jerking schemes failed, the strike leaders fell back upon that old publicity gag — the "riot". At a critical point in the strike, Mr. Powers Hapgood, member of the National Committee of the ACLU, made his appearance in Camden armed with credentials from Mr. Lewis. Shortly thereafter, he sent out on the picket line a motley army of 2000 men and women, a large percentage of them radicals imported by trucks from Philadelphia. They deliberately crashed the police lines and precipitated the worst riot of the strike — a bloody melee which promptly made the front pages of the nation's newspapers. When the crowds had been cleared away, it was found that twelve participants

had been injured severely, and 102 placed under arrest. But only eighteen of the prisoners were RCA employees.

The "riot", of course, had its desired effect. Loath to prolong such damaging publicity and desirous of protecting the safety of non-striking employees, the RCA consented to a conference with the strike officials, at which Saul C. Waldbaum, ACLU attorney, signed the settlement for the strikers. "

These incidents in the Camden strike reveal the actual role of the ACLU in the Left-wing movement, and disclose the unreality of the non-partisan concept of the Union. Camden shows a brazenly partisan Mr. Baldwin sitting in the prompting box, instructing the Radicals how to precipitate the situations in which the Union might intervene. It reveals the ACLU in its undisguised self, the legal brain of the American Radical movement, prescribing for the revolutionary triggermen the legal metes and bounds within which they may safely move in their onslaughts on American capitalism. And while it thus expertly plans the offensive strategy of the American Revolution, the Union itself continues to remain unsuspected by the simple expedient of working the "Liberal" side of the street.

With such a purpose, it is inevitable that the record of the Union in recent years should have been an almost faithful parallel to the oscillating Party Line of the official Communist Party. A few of the Union's current enthusiasms will give a canvas of the broad activities of its office in behalf of various Left movements.

Take, for example, the notably zealous fight which the Union has waged since the beginning of the Depression in behalf of Communist unemployment maneuvers. The public is familiar with the unceasing campaign which the Communist Party has staged since 1930 to exploit the sufferings of the unemployed and to canalize their resentments into Red organizations. Fortunately, the great majority of the unemployed have proven adamant to agitation. As a publicity stunt, however, the campaign has been a distinct *tour de force*. It has enabled an insignificant handful of revolutionists, posing as "unemployed spokesmen", to precipitate notorious public incidents. It has given an excuse for picketings and riotings, in which the Communist Party membership, doubling in brass as "The Unemployed", have enjoyed almost complete immunity from the police.

In all these propaganda gestures,

the ACLU, and its affiliated co-organization, the International Labor Defense, has stood truculently at the Communist right hand. Their spokesmen were in Washington at the Communist "Hunger March" of 1934, with members of the ACLU collecting funds for the "hunger marchers": they were present at Albany when the Capitol police restrained the Unemployed Councils from a proposed riot against Governor Lehman: they were at Trenton when the Workers' Alliance squatted in the Capitol: they have been at City Hall in New York in each of the dreary demonstrations which Communist "innocent organizations" have staged in defiance of the police; in short, they have been omnipresent wherever Communists have sprung into law-defying action. It is impossible to believe that there has been coincidence in this presence. Were the ACLU the Liberal and non-revolutionary agency which it claims to be, one would have presumed that it would have been checked in its co-operation by a restraining realization of the explosiveness of the forces with which it was tampering.

To aid the Communists in their incessant police-baiting, Mr. Baldwin's office disseminated a pamphlet, *What Rights for the Unem-*

ployed?, in which full legal instructions were given to the units of the Unemployed Councils and the Workers' Alliance to guide them in successful resistance to police interference. For instance:

It is a matter of common knowledge among Relief workers that vigorous demonstrations — so-called riots — by the unemployed produce an almost miraculous effect in loosening the public purse-strings.

In other words, use violence to force the governmental hand. The Communist connection becomes all the more apparent when we examine the six points which are set forth at the end of the manual. Point by point, they turn out to be identical with the demands which have been shrilled throughout the Depression by the “unemployed” mass-actionists of Communism.

Another of the typical causes which receives the Union's fervent support is Communist agitation among the Harlem Negroes — an agitation which, if not checked, may culminate in one of the bloodiest tragedies in American history. The Harlem riots of March 19, 1935, gave an opportunity to officers of the Union to dominate the much-publicized Mayor's investigation which followed. Mr. LaGuardia, in a political move to conciliate Radical and Liberal elements, named the two general

counsels of the ACLU — Arthur Garfield Hays and Morris L. Ernst — as members of the investigating committee of eleven. Another member, Oswald Garrison Villard, is a member of the Union's national committee. A fourth member, A. Philip Randolph, is a Socialist Party member, and a national committeeman of the ACLU-supported American League Against War and Fascism. Mr. Hays, from the beginning, dominated the hearings, and for all practical purposes, the investigation quickly took on the character of an ACLU stunt. Here was a unique opportunity for the Union — if it were actually a Liberal organization — to enunciate the constructive approach to the Negro problem.

Nothing of the sort was attempted by Mr. Hays. Instead of a fair survey of the Harlem situation, the hearing was turned into a disgraceful field-day for Communist trouble-makers. Open sessions were held, with several hundred Comrades packing the limited capacity of the hall at each session, continuously interrupting the testimony with a bedlam of cheers and hootings. The Radical role in the fomenting of Harlem unrest was waved aside, and the Communists, instead of being the accused, were invited into the prosecution box.

Every effort was made to fix all blame upon the Harlem police and to broadcast the impression that police authority in Harlem must be curbed—which, of course, is precisely what the Communists desire. Mr. Hays actually permitted attorneys for the International Labor Defense, the Communist legal bureau, to cross-examine the witnesses. So unfair did the police-baiting finally become that Father William R. McCann, lifelong champion of Negro rights, withdrew from the committee in protest.

When the report was finally drafted, its tenor was so palpably Communist-influenced that even Mayor LaGuardia, the sponsor, declined to make it public. Eventually, someone connected with the Committee obligingly turned over this confidential document to the Communist *Daily Worker* which published it in full. Mr. Hays and his colleagues eulogize the Harlem Reds as follows:

It was perfectly natural that the Communists should have utilized to the full the opportunity which the public hearings offered to act as the defenders of an oppressed minority. Not only did they play this role with consummate skill, and this assertion does not intend to imply any lack of sincerity, but the experienced and brilliant lawyers of the International Labor Defense translated the groping, and often

incoherent, queries of the common man into clear, searching questions which prevented equivocation and subterfuge on the part of the witnesses. The main role that the Communists played at the hearings was by no means that of professional agitators and propagandists: they only defined and gave direction to the often vague dissatisfactions of the people, and attempted to interpret injustices which were regarded merely as racial persecution, as a phase of the general oppression of the submerged classes.

It was enlightening that James W. Ford, Negro vice presidential candidate of the Communist Party, in his speech before the Communist National Convention on June 28, should cite this Hays-Ernst investigation as one of the crowning Communist triumphs of the year. He revealed the fact that the whole investigation had been a countermove on the part of the Reds to prevent a real investigation of Communism in Harlem. He said:

The Communists reacted quickly. We were able to set in motion a movement that changed the course of events and LaGuardia's plans. Our quick action in calling together a broad citizens' committee on the morning of March 20 forced LaGuardia to appoint a commission to investigate conditions in Harlem. We used the platform of the Mayor's commission as a rostrum. LaGuardia planned to put us on the defensive. We turned his plans into their opposite.

But the Union's anti-police agitation is not restricted to Negro sec-

tions. Throughout the country an intrinsic part of Mr. Baldwin's program is to cast public suspicion upon the capacity of the police to administer law and order in any situation. The Union does not wait until instances of police usurpation are reported; it creates them. To stimulate his anti-police business, Mr. Baldwin has issued a manual of instructions for "Liberal and Labor Organizations", describing in detail the various legal technicalities and subterfuges which can be employed to outwit the cops. A perusal of this amazing document gives an accurate outline of the Union's technique. Here is shysterism mobilized insolently to the service of the Revolution; here is an innately law-despising and disloyal organization exploiting the law itself to the uses of lawlessness.

The manual's formula proceeds smartly from the initial act — police defiance — to the forcing of an arrest, advance arrangement of bail and witnesses, preparation of advance publicity for the newspapers and arrangements for reporters to be present at each planned incident, and organization of a follow-up protest meeting after the arrests, for which seasoned New York speakers will be imported. A new technique to strengthen the above was brought forward by Mr. Hays

in a book published by Garland Fund money in 1928. It was Mr. Hays' bright inspiration that the Radicals should still further handicap the police by instituting a series of nuisance civil suits for damages against the individual officers making arrests. He points out that the policemen, with their meager means, will be reluctant to make arrests when they know that Radical lawyers are ready to summon them to multiple suits, and to attach their homes and bank accounts. "By such an aggressive and well-organized legal campaign, from the start," he writes, "labor will not only astound and paralyze the efforts of capital, but will get the jump on capital in all legal matters."

II

The true portrait of the ACLU, of course, cannot be presented without a factual analysis of its brilliant but errant idealist-leader, Mr. Roger N. Baldwin. To an extent rare in Radical movements, the Union is the irradiation of his personality. He was its planner and founder: with the exception of a brief period when he was in prison, he has guided the organization with uninterrupted authority. The key to much that is misunderstood

in the ACLU will be found in his person.

The inquiry takes us back a quarter-century to that confused period of political immaturity, just before Sarajevo. Twenty-five years ago, the then obscure Roger Baldwin could have been found in a gloomy office in St. Louis, crusading for municipal reform with all the gusto which he now marshals behind his battles for Communist liberties. His principal sponsor in those days was a now-forgotten real estate operator whose career had been a palpitating epic of battles in the trenches of municipal reform. It was the period in which Frederic C. Howe was proclaiming the city unit to be the hope of democracy. To what extent Mr. Baldwin, the salaried officer of the organization, actually believed in this treacle, it is difficult to surmise. In those days he was a Philosophic Anarchist, and a devotee of Tolstoy and of Kropotkin.

The turning point in Mr. Baldwin's life, as with Norman Thomas and so many others in the present Radical leadership, was the World War. Somewhere in the strange jumble of his pre-war Anarchist beliefs, Roger N. had one steel-like conviction. He was unalterably opposed to war. His anti-militarism was not merely an

attitude: it was the fruit of his long contemplation of the Tolstoyan credo of non-resistance. If war came, it was his determination not to oppose militarism alone, but to refuse personally to be drawn into the military machine. With the entrance of the United States into the conflict, Mr. Baldwin crossed his Rubicon. Resigning his job with the St. Louis Civic Leaguers, he hurried to New York where he joined forces with other anti-war last-ditchers in the American Union Against Militarism. Since it was no longer possible to halt America's war program, the principal work of the organization resolved itself into the snatching of as many war opponents as possible out of the jaws of the Espionage Act. The job became one of legal defense, rather than propaganda. Out of this wartime task was born the present American Civil Liberties Union. The genesis of the new organization occurred when the Union Against Militarism decided to transform itself into the National Civil Liberties Bureau with Mr. Baldwin at its head. After the war, it adopted its present name.

Since the majority of the wartime espionage cases involved Socialists and members of the Industrial Workers of the World, Mr. Baldwin found himself in the re-

volutionary milieu of the Revolution. Before the end of the war, he had cast off all his inhibitions and had become one of the Comrades, in sentiment if not in name. When he was drafted for service, he refused to answer the call, gave himself up for trial as a war opponent, and served six months' imprisonment.

On his return to political activity, he found himself confronted by the bitter schism in the old Socialist Party which finally culminated in the foundation of the Communist Party. But Mr. Baldwin was not at first a Communist. Too radical to be content with the moderate temper of the Socialists, he was also repelled by some of the early symptoms of the new Communist movement, both in Russia and America. His personal attitude was more nearly akin to that of the IWW, with its Anarcho-Syndicalist slant, and after he came out of prison, he decided to eschew respectability and take to the revolutionary road. He bought a "thousand-mile shirt" and took out an IWW card. His activities among the Wobblies, however, were exploratory rather than serious—a few months of hobo life soon convinced him that the IWW had no future and that his own place in the Revolution was on that borderline where Liberalism may be

made to serve the proletariat. So he resumed his duties at the ACLU and did not again wander. Under his energetic guidance, this war-time legal first-aid bureau has since developed into one of the most powerful pressure organizations in America, elevating its director to a position of supreme importance in the revolutionary movement today.

As the years passed, he gradually lost his early waverings concerning the Communists. During the Palmer raids and the underground period of American Communism, the ACLU found itself choked with Red defense cases. The timid attitude of the Socialist Party of that period, and the gradual eclipse of the IWW, left the Communists as the militant core of American Marxism. Mr. Baldwin found himself gravitating steadily to the Communist position. The final rite in his acceptance of the Kremlin faith was his pilgrimage to Russia in 1930. Under the blandishments of Moscow, Tolstoy died in Mr. Baldwin's soul, and Kropotkin became but a wistful memory. He returned to America to commit open treason to all his life-long Libertarian ideals by writing, in *Liberty Under the Soviets*, a smug apology for the assassination of civil liberties in Marxian Russia.

He repudiated the initial Union position that liberty is a natural right which inheres to the citizen under any civilization, by swinging over to the Communist position of exceptionalism, and arguing that proletarian revolution is so much more important than liberty that its ends justify dictatorship and suppression.

After reading Mr. Baldwin's book, it is difficult to accept with any seriousness the pretense of the ACLU that it is actuated by any sincere belief in liberty or the Liberal spirit. Mr. Baldwin has frankly indicated that he does not believe in liberty *per se*. With him, as with the whole rout of Communist revolutionists, it is merely a talking point to be used for the discrediting of capitalism. With feeble casuistry, he tries to reconcile his Russian with his American position:

Such an attitude as I express toward the relation of economic to civil liberty may easily be construed as condoning in Russia repressions which I condemn in capitalist countries. It is true that I feel differently about them, because I regard them as unlike. Repressions in Western democracies are violations of professed constitutional liberties and I condemn them as such. Repressions in Soviet Russia are weapons of struggle in a transition period to Socialism.

Liberty Under the Soviets must be regarded sadly as an epitaph

upon the whole ACLU. It is the revealed mind of Roger N. Baldwin after ten years in the Comintern straitjacket.

III

Our examination of Mr. Baldwin's artful little organization still leaves us with one basic question unanswered. Why, it will be asked, if the ACLU is so obviously intertwined with the Marxian movement, has it been able to attain such extraordinary prestige among true American Liberals? And how has the Union been able to control such surprising power in Washington?

First of all, the support of the Felix Frankfurter type of Liberal is explicable to anyone familiar with the inveterate sentimentality of the Liberal mind when it faces the naked reality of Revolution. It is the weakness of the Liberal mind that its generous tolerance is incapable of drawing border-line limits between Reformism and Revolution. In its zeal to defend all minorities, it extends support to destructive minorities which would annihilate the present order. The classic examples of the Girondists, the Kerenskys, the Karolyis, and the unhappy contemporary Azana, exhibit the ghastly consequences of this blurred indecision

when, finally, Revolution turns upon its Liberal protectors.

Further, Mr. Baldwin has stage-managed himself in masterly fashion as a courageous David challenging the Goliath of intolerance, a political role always electric among Anglo-Saxon peoples. Likewise, it is a role which makes it extremely difficult for the Conservative to attack the ACLU without drawing down upon his head the counter-charge that he is a sinister Enemy of Freedom. It is not Communism — it is “Liberty” for which Mr. Baldwin is always waging combat. The fact that the Communist cause, which is the beneficiary of his struggles, is the most repressive and anti-Libertarian cause in the world, does not disturb the trusting Liberal mind.

It is the thesis of the Union that minorities are entitled to certain abstract rights of protest and propaganda — rights which should be inviolable in any social situation. In Mr. Baldwin’s official interpretation, these rights are virtually limitless. Not even the most acute period of national peril, when the nation is at war for its existence, justifies even the temporary abrogation of these rights, Mr. Baldwin maintains. The extent to which the Union would defend subversive

propaganda was indicated bluntly by Mr. Baldwin when he was questioned by the Committee for the Investigation of Communist Propaganda, of the Seventy-first Congress. He stated categorically that his organization would uphold the “right of an American citizen (or an alien) to urge the overthrow and advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence”. He declared that the ACLU would even “uphold the right of a citizen or alien to advocate murder” or “assassination”. In short, the Union would deny the right of the nation to take any steps to safeguard itself against the corrosive agitation of any minority, so long as such agitation remains in the realm of propaganda and mere advocacy. In practice, as we have seen, the Union finds ready excuses to defend not only propagandists, but even Radical perpetrators of overt acts, as witness the Gastonia, Mooney, Scottsboro, and similar cases.

Now what is wrong with this Baldwin position? The obvious flaw in the thesis is its disregard of the innate right of a democracy to protect itself against the forces of disintegration. President Hadley of Yale once wrote of the “prior necessity for cohesion” in the social order. It is a necessity which grows

out of the realization that there can be no liberty for any minority or citizen in a democracy, unless there is a cohesive social order which can define and protect such liberties. For liberty is the product of law, not of law defiance. The *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Baldwin's whole professed concept of liberty is the fact that no such organization as his ACLU could exist in a social atmosphere such as we find, for example, in Cuba, Haiti, Kuomintang China, Spain, or Soviet Russia where the forces of social dispersal outweigh the forces of cohesion.

One need only apply the Baldwin concept of liberty to a specific situation to perceive the basic illiberality which saturates it. Consider, for example, the anti-police campaign of the Union. The justification of this agitation is the ACLU claim that the rights of small minorities—in practice, Communist minorities—must be protected fiercely against police usurpation. But the question is not so simple as this. For when the police issue arises from a situation wherein these defended minorities are engaged in attacking the property or individual rights of other minorities, or in upsetting the law and order which protects the whole community, is it not obvious that

the defense of the Communists involves the limitation of the rights of other minorities? Here is not liberty, but discrimination.

Thus, in Camden, the demand of the ACLU that the strikers be allowed to use the Communist technique of mass picketing was equivalent to saying that the right of the striking minority to mass-picket was more important than the right of the non-striking minority to continue unmolested in their employment. Or that it was paramount over the right of the citizenry of Camden to enjoy order and uninterrupted traffic in their streets. Or that it outweighed the right of the RCA to enjoy the protection of its property against mob violence. When minorities are thus in bitter conflict with each other, the Liberal view has always been that the State should scrupulously avoid interventions which would weight the scales in favor of either disputant, while firmly maintaining the conditions of public order which will protect the whole community. This reasonable attitude is now denounced by the ACLU as anti-Liberal. The Baldwins and the Hayeses would have the State take sides between its citizens, wherever Radical labor fights for greater power. Such a demand has no relation to civil liberties: it is

the plain negation of all liberty and all civil rights.

Of course, the Baldwin attitude becomes quite understandable when we realize that in situations where Radical interests conflict with civil liberties, the ACLU frankly becomes a partisan organization. But why then should Mr. Baldwin and his associates have the effrontery to masquerade under the Liberal name? Every once in a while, we find the Union in its official publications forgetting the Liberal pose and openly identifying itself with a specific class. Thus in its yearbook for 1935, in a discussion of the American press, the Union drops its supposed "Liberal" objectiveness and laments that the present press attitude "makes headway for labor and Radical movements more difficult". And in the 1930 yearbook appears the statement that "our services are essential for whatever degree of tolerance we can achieve, and will be until a political and economic opposition arises strong enough to defend its own rights". In other words, the Union by its own admission is only preparing the way for an eventually self-defending Left movement. Mr. Baldwin himself, in submitting personal notes for inclusion in the recently published class book of

his Harvard '05 class, let down the veil a little further when he concluded with the purposeful and significant words: "Communism is the goal".

IV

But enough has been presented to indicate the vastness of the gulf which separates the purpose of the ACLU from the spirit of historic Liberalism. Nothing could be more abhorrent to the true Liberal than Mr. Baldwin's concept of an omnipresent Class Struggle. The Liberal spirit never envisaged a society in which the balance would be maintained by a cannibalistic battle for power. For Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues to anoint themselves as the defenders and official interpreters of the American Liberal tradition would be a tragicomic travesty were it not for the fact that they have deceived so wide a public with their pretensions. The ACLU crusades not for the sweet reasonableness of the Liberal State, but for the harsh partisan strife of the demagogic State. The liberty which it vaunts, when subjected to the merciless analysis of Liberalism, is merely the liberty of the Montagues and the Capulets to trample upon the general populace in their battles for power.

It is improbable that even Mr. Baldwin himself believes in the civil liberties program for America, which he assumedly serves. For, breaking through the unctious of his libertarian words, we find the recurrent suggestion in his writings and speeches that liberty will remain an unreality until we have abolished the capitalist system.

For although I am an advocate of unrestricted civil liberty as a means of effecting even revolutionary changes in society with a minimum of violence, I know that such liberty is always dependent on the possession of

economic power. Economic liberty underlies all others. In any society, civil liberties are freely exercised only by classes with economic power — or if by other classes, only at times when the controlling class is too secure to fear opposition.

What a sweeping admission that the whole program of the American Civil Liberties Union is but a deceptive prelude to the Proletarian Revolution! Under Mr. Baldwin's artful leadership, it is a mobilization of unsuspecting Liberal idealism to the materialistic services of the Kremlin.



EPITAPH FOR A VERY MINOR POET

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

SOME fervent hocus-pocus
About how once in Spring
He spied a peeping crocus
Was what he liked to sing.

His limpid little lyrics
With perfect self-control
Engaged in panegyrics
That purified his soul.

Now grass will grow above him,
A plot of earth be his,
A little worm will love him
For what he really is.

THE DOLE FOR BOGUS FARMERS

BY H. L. MENCKEN

IN THE late disputation between the *doctor mellifluus* from Hyde Park and the *doctor fundamentalis* from Topeka there was complete agreement on one point at least, to wit, that the succoring of the indigent husbandman should go on forever. No evidence was adduced by either high promising party that this succoring had ever done its target any good in the past; on the contrary, both proved and laid stress upon the fact that he was still suffering beyond endurance and still bawling for help. But both engaged solemnly to continue rescuing him *ad libitum* — of course, at the taxpayer's expense. This philanthropic but fruitless work is now, it appears, an integral part of the American system of government, as much so as carrying the mails or defending the national shores. There may come a day when Congress will be immured *en masse* on Alcatraz Island and the nine old villains of Capitol Hill butchered and stuffed, but there will never come a day when the one-crop clodhoppers of the

land will cease to howl and beat their breasts, or the politicians to salvage them out of the public till.

These mendicants call themselves farmers, and appear in statistics under that style, but they are actually no more farmers than a mud-scow is a man-o'-war. They are, in the Dust Bowl of the upper Middle West, simply land speculators who went out on the wrong limb and got skinned, and in the share-cropper regions of the South they are only perambulating test-tubes for the culture of hook-worms. A farmer is something else again, even at his worst. He may appear, to the city slicker, as an extremely unappetizing creature, what with the wrinkles on his neck and his naïve fear of Darwin, loose women, and rum; but all the same he is the practitioner of an arduous and not unsubtle art, and he meets the first specification for a good citizen — in fair times or foul he at least feeds his family. At the lowest point of the late Depression of blessed memory I made inquiry of a Pennsylvania

friend as to what had happened to the Pennsylvania Dutch, all of whom are true farmers from snout to tail. He replied by return mail that nothing whatever had happened to them. They were suffering, to be sure, a certain curtailment of their cash incomes—a universal complaint, save among professional Uplifters, in those glorious days—but otherwise they were carrying on precisely as usual, harvesting large crops, eating four or five hearty meals a day, employing their wives according to the mandate of Scripture, keeping a sharp lookout for *hexerei*, and investing every cent they could conceal from the tax-gatherer in the depreciated common stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Such farmers never address any petitions to politicians, whom they regard, and on sound ground, as indistinguishable from common rogues. The only thing they ask for which politicians can give them is a reduction in taxes, and that is one thing, they are well aware, that they can never hope to get. So they go on tilling their fields, valeting their cattle, and keeping their houses, barns and fences in *Ar* repair. Their first concern is always to provide for their own subsistence. Though the heavens fall, they eat; and their wives, children and

live stock eat, too. If, after this eating, there is anything left over, and there usually is, they sell it at the highest prevailing prices in convenient markets, and use the money to care for and improve their plants. When there is a bad year their surplus is very little, and once in a blue moon there may even be a deficit, but taking one year with another they make good livings, and are free, independent, and self-respecting men. Among such farmers, the sturdy *kulaks* of this great Republic, running into debt is regarded as, at best, a humiliating misfortune, and as, at worst, a kind of skullduggery comparable to barn-burning or well-poisoning. They believe that an industrious man on good land can always get along, and they have been proving it year after year since the Indians first cleared the way for them by going on the dole.

All the bawling comes from frauds who masquerade under their honorable name. These frauds exist in appreciable numbers in all the States of the Union, but their relative number increases as one leaves the great centers of wealth and sin. There are very few in Pennsylvania, and not many in the Lakes region or the eastern half of the upper Mississippi valley, but as one crosses the ninety-

fourth meridian they begin to swarm, and by the time one comes to the Dakotas they outnumber the actual farmers by at least five to one. Here is the very Zion of the eternal but bogus Farm Problem. Here is the Holy Land of locusts, droughts, whirlwinds, and big freezes. Here the only sound ever heard to issue from human throats is the piteous wail of "Gimme!"; and here the one business of politicians, of whatever party, is to promise larger and larger hand-outs from the hard earnings of the rest of us. There is no other issue in politics, and there never will be unless and until the whole region is emptied of its present hopeless population, and turned back to the Indian and the buffalo.

It would be idle, as it would be inhuman, to cry down the woes of these poor fish. They roast and boil in Summer and are frozen stiff in Winter, and even in their best years they make little more than their bare keep. Obviously, no farmer of any sense could ever have been tempted into that harsh wilderness, with its murderous climate, its thin and fugitive soil, and its remoteness from good markets. There was, despite the gabble to the contrary, plenty of better and more accessible land elsewhere; there is still plenty of it, in fact, to

this day. Why, then, did those unhappy herds of Ishmaelites flock into the desert, dragging their helpless wives and children with them? They did it because they were not farmers at all, but simply land speculators. The consideration that inspired them in the first place was the chance to get land for nothing, or next to nothing, and the consideration that came next was the dizzy promise that they could grow a crop of wheat in two months, and then loll at ease the other ten, waiting for the railroads to come, Wall Street to be scotched, and real farmers to arrive by the train-load, hungry for farms at top-notch prices. That, precisely, is what the last wave of heroic pioneering amounted to, and that is all it amounted to.

The fundamental process, of course, was not new. You will find it described at length in an essay by Dr. Benjamin Rush, written so long ago as 1798. The most remote and inhospitable land, in his day as in ours, was settled by "men who had outlived their credit in cultivated parts" — in other words, by misfits and failures, speculators and dead beats. They pushed their blundering way into the wilderness, scratched casual and meager livings from its unwilling soil, and gave over their plentiful leisure to

fishing, coon-hunting, and waiting for better men to come along and buy them out. In those days the better men always appeared, for the wilderness was still near, and civilization kept moving closer to it. But there came a time when it lay too far buried in primeval chaos for civilization ever to overtake it, and then the stream of buyers dried up. That is what happened in the Dust Bowl. What its godforsaken denizens suffer from today is only partly a lack of water; their main deficiency is a lack of suckers.

Even in fortunate years the resident yaps barely get enough to eat, for they are too stupid and too lazy for subsistence farming, and the one crop they condescend to grow is miles and miles from the nearest market, and the price they receive for it is always diminished by the cost of hauling it to that market. Encouraged by the political mountebanks who prey upon them, inspiring them to indolence and imbecility, they blame this cost upon the villainies of Wall Street, but it is really produced by the fact that railroad crews have to be paid and locomotives stoked with coal or oil. In bad years their intake is less than their outgo, and they have to clap mortgages on their miserable homesteads and new patches upon the seats of their pants. Anon

there comes a time when the sharks holding these mortgages demand payment, if not of the principal then at least of the interest. When that time rolls round there goes up a bellow that resounds from coast to coast, and the ancient process of succoring them at the public expense is begun all over again.

How many times it has been repeated since the politicians began to see the possibilities of the game I do not know, but certainly it has been a good many. The Hon. Mr. Roosevelt, during his famous "non-political" tour of the region last Summer, admitted with incautious frankness that the total cost to date had been "hundreds of millions of dollars". The net result is precisely nothing. The yaps are still as badly off as they were when the business of rescuing them was first undertaken. They are still buried in mortgages, their farms are still blowing away under their feet, and their families and cattle are still famished.

All sorts of fantastic schemes for saving them have been projected since the Brain Trust began to function at Washington. It has been proposed to protect them from the winds by shelter-belts of trees, to plant grass on what remains of their land and convert them into cattlemen and sheep-

herders, and/or to transport the whole kit and caboodle of them to some fairer place, with the cost of settling them there borne by the taxpayer. None of these schemes will ever work. Trees refuse to grow in that bleak country — that is, all trees of a size fit to cope with its high winds — and neither changing the trade of its inhabitants nor hauling them somewhere else will ever cure their congenital deficiency. They are simply, by God's inscrutable will, inferior men, and inferior they will remain until, by a stupendous miracle, He gives them equality among His angels. They lack the hard diligence and pertinacity that are needed to wring a living from the earth, either where they languish or elsewhere. They are not heroic conquerors of Nature, but puerile parasites upon its bounty. In parts of Western Kansas, and no doubt in other places too, they have given up all pretense to *bona fide* farming. Abandoning the land, they retreat to the ghastly villages, and thence issue forth every Spring to scratch the soil and plant a crop of wheat. While it grows they sponge on the store-keepers and listen to the politicians. The harvest, when there *is* a harvest, occupies them for a few weeks. Once it is over they go back to sponging and

politicking. They are eager customers of every quackery currently on tap, and whenever a new one is invented they embrace it instantly. They all owe money on mortgages, and none of it will ever be repaid.

II

Of their colleagues in the share-cropper areas of the South it is impossible, without descending to flattery, to say even so much. These white and black ex-Confederates serve as convenient stooges for the Uplifters who rove the trans-Potomac country, seeking recruits for Utopia, and so they are commonly depicted and thought of as pathetic victims of the Money Power. But in truth they are only idiots, and there is no magic known on this earth, whether political or economic, material or spiritual, that will ever cure their idiocy. They were born to live and have their being on the very fringes of the melancholy human race, and there they will continue until, in the course of nature, they are obliterated altogether.

Some years ago, in the great State of Arkansas, a herd of them, getting into motion, began invading the county towns and looting the grocery stores. It appeared that

they were starving. That anyone should be starving in so luxuriant a farming region, where everything edible grows freely, seemed strange to the rest of the country, but a little investigation was enough to show the reason. There was nothing to eat in all that lush Mesopotamia for the sole and obvious reason that the resident anthropoids had neglected to grow it. Their one crop was cotton, and to it they devoted perhaps a third of their lazy year. The rest of the time they basked in the sun, scratching themselves idly and meditating upon the evangels of their prophets spiritual and temporal. When, being transiently in funds, they wanted a plate of ham and eggs, they bought both ham and eggs at the store. At the same place they bought potatoes, cabbages, corn-meal, side-meat, onions, yams — even, indeed, the feed for their mules, when their mules got any. There was not a chicken for miles around, or a kitchen garden, or any hog save the wild razor-backs, or a cow, or an apple tree.

That human beings presumably more or less civilized should be so shiftless was a shocking discovery even to the more enlightened Arkansawyers, who had looked at them for years without really seeing them. They were succored by

passing the hat, for that was before the days of the More Abundant Life as a political racket, and steps were at once taken to teach them the elements of farming. A few of them showed a fairish aptitude for the science, and in a year or two they were eating their own hog and hominy, and washing the mixture down with their own moonshine. Some went to the length of planting orchards, and a small number even began to keep cows. But the rest, after one or two dismal trials, went back to the imbecile one-crop system of their kind, growing cotton year after year, and cotton only. By the time the Brain Trust set up business in Washington they were starving again, and ever since that dawn of Social Justice they have been on its rolls. Their woes fill the reports and fulminations of the young professors today, and they also occupy a high place in the menagerie of the Communists. The theory is that they are the innocent victims of landlords lurking in Little Rock, Fort Smith, and other such Sodoms, and that the millions they earn by the sweat of their brows are all sucked, eventually, into Wall Street.

This, of course, is hokey pure and unadulterated. They actually earn no millions; they do not even earn their own keep. It is only in years of

extraordinary good luck that they can so much as pay their store bills. The rest of the time they live on their debts, like the miserable dullards and incompetents they are. Their landlords, far from robbing them, have to help them two years out of three, and all the while they torture and ruin the land that, with a little industry, might support them opulently. No such hind ever repairs a roof, or fixes a fence, or clears the woods of undergrowth, or pulls a weed. The houses they live in, after a few years of their abuse and neglect, are only leaky sheds, and the barns and fences that they find on the land they profess to till all disappear, soon or late, into firewood. They are a curse to the country they infest, and a disgrace to the human race. Anywhere else on earth they would be dispossessed at once, and turned loose to starve in earnest. But in this great land, with New Deals always raging, they are regarded with a peculiar tenderness, and the theory is maintained that they must and shall be kept at ease out of the pockets of the rest of us.

III

How long will this nonsense go on? It will go on so long as it is profitable for political mountebanks

to keep it going — so long, that is, as they can hang on to their jobs by robbing the industrious and thrifty to support hordes of the indolent and incompetent. It will go on so long as habitual and incurable mendicants are allowed to vote. The cure is not to throw one gang of quacks out and put another in; it is to take away the vast advantage which now goes with quackery. There are plenty of men in Arkansas and the other share-cropper jungles who know the truth; there are even men who have stated it clearly. But there will be no release from the present burden until the unavoidable implications of that truth are met squarely, and elections cease to be merely auction-sales of stolen goods. So long as political racketeers can hold their places at the trough by promising to secure A against the need of work by looting B who works, just so long will the politics of the country hold to its present fraudulent level.

The problem, of course, is fundamentally much more than political or economic; it is biological. The settlement and organization of this continent was a stupendous job, and it left the race full of strains. There are millions of Americans who are palpably inferior to their fathers, and there are

other millions whose fathers were themselves inferior. As the standard of living has advanced these defectives have been gradually left behind—not by the brutality of Economic Royalists, Princes of Pelf, and other such fantastic hobgoblins of the demagogic imagination, but by their own incapacity to survive in civilization. Instead of coming along with the procession, they have dropped out and straggled to the rear. Their movement is backward toward the stage of the first pioneers, of desert nomads just come to the grasslands. They are on their way to the Stone Age.

What is to be accomplished by hitching them to their betters, and then urging those betters to give them a new start ahead by pulling them along? Hardly more than would follow outfitting baboons with saxophones, theologies, and debts. They are incurably incapable of anything rationally describable as progress. When, as in Arkansas, they are taught the elements of civilized living, nine-tenths of them revert almost instantly to their natural barbarism. If, in the Northwest, they were taken off their shifting sands and bare rocks and put on farms as good as those of the Pennsylvania Dutch, they would only provide massive proof that even on the

farms of the Pennsylvania Dutch it is possible to starve. And if, in the Southern uplands, they were thrust into romantic cottages furnished by the taxpayer, and outfitted with electric wash-wringers, egg-beaters, and mayonnaise mixers, they would only convert the cottages, in a few years, into the hovels that are closer to their taste and aspiration, and the wringers, beaters, and mixers into junk.

The job of dealing with these congenital and incurable unfortunates is not one for politicians or Uplifters; it is, as I have hinted, one for biologists. Nothing is ever going to be accomplished by encouraging them to go on multiplying as they multiply today, with only the jack-rabbit to offer them serious competition; there is enough of them now, and to spare. The problem will be solved, if ever it is solved at all, by diminishing their rate of increase as fast as possible, and at the same time protecting them in their inalienable conubial rights, guaranteed to them by both the Constitution and Holy Writ. Certainly I am not one to speak against the exercise of those rights by the lowly; they have little else that they may really call their own. But I see no reason why fecundation should necessarily or inevitably follow the exercise

thereof. Sterilization on a whole-sale scale would greatly augment the solid happiness of all the economically, physically and mentally underprivileged, and at the same time save many a million for the taxpayer. Inflicting it by fiat, of course, would outrage the prevailing *mores*, which stand firmly against almost everything that is reasonable. But why should it not

be promoted by the old and tried device of bribery? How many bogus farmers, East, West, North, or South, could resist coming to the slaughterhouse if the ante were put, say, at \$1000 a head? And wouldn't it be immensely cheaper, in the long run, to buy and scrap their biological potency than to support forever their hopeless and innumerable progeny?



SHAPE OF WINTER

BY ROBERT TROY HERRIDGE

Now it is Winter shaping slow at the roots
That breaks in the blood's breath: the smell of death
In the secret places; the voice from the iron land;
The tall collapse of trees; the hollow wreath

Of the wind coiled about the bone, the bone
Stiffening. There are things like the quicker turning
Of days and the light sharper in stars; the world
Blown with a northerly wind running and the dull burning.

These are the obvious things like the scatter of crows
In the short days before snow when the days are charred
By dry fires and reeking with twisted brush
In the swamps and branches brash in a sky grown hard.

No, it is not this fumble of leaves that matters,
Nor the black shaking of night, nor the snow's violence:
It is the dark words spoken in darkness at the hills' edge;
It is the hearts of men gone under in silence.

SHOULD WIVES WORK?

BY FRANK L. HOPKINS

MY GRANDFATHER was a hard-working farmer who supported a family of five. My grandmother, running the churn out by the old waterwheel, picking huckleberries in the back pasture, or cutting the woollens out of which she laboriously fabricated the clothing for the junior members of her family, was also a producer; but, in the sense in which the term is commonly used, she was not a wage-earner. She had no regular share in the very limited income of the 1850's. In other words, the Hopkins family, consisting of grandfather, grandmother, and their three living children, was, until the two boys grew up, twenty per cent wage-earner and eighty per cent non-wage-earners.

Coming down to their grandchild and great-grandchildren, and including the wife of one of these and the husband of another, there are still only five of us. That is the way American families are going. We are two men, two women, and a youth; and all of us this past year

were wage-earners in a very real sense. The women left their homes in the morning with their husbands to enter into the great competition for the dollar. They worked for definitely appointed hours, for stipulated wages, at tasks which could undoubtedly have been performed satisfactorily by others who did not have husbands capable of supporting them. At the end of the month they brought home pay checks almost as large as those of their spouses. In other words, where we once had a family which was twenty per cent wage-earner, we, in 1936, had the same family consisting of one hundred per cent wage-earners.

All this set me thinking. Could it be that we and many others like us are the explanation of the current scarcity of jobs? Grandfather produced the cash to meet the needs of five people; we have no more mouths to feed nor bodies to clothe than he; yet all five of us have been competitors in the struggle for wages. The Hopkins family is only one of thousands where two

things have taken place: first, the maintenance of the number of consumers at a fairly static level through the limitation of child-bearing; second, increased competition for the available jobs because our women from choice or necessity, real or fancied, are insisting on business and professional careers after marriage.

We began to look about our comfortable suburban community. There were our near neighbors — father a salesman, mother running a dress shop, and two daughters in their twenties each earning what thirty years ago would have been considered a respectable income for the head of a family. Soon we listed a dozen families among our friends in which the wife, sometimes also a mother, had a regular job. In some instances we reached the conclusion that the women were probably earning more than the men.

But is it really necessary for them to work? According to their standards, yes. Yet suppose they were willing to content themselves with only three or four times, instead of twenty times, the comforts that grandmother enjoyed—well, there isn't a single case in which the husband is not earning sufficient to maintain the household.

The census figures tell more of

the story. In 1930, when the last enumeration was made, there were 10,632,227 women, or 24.8 per cent of the entire female population over fifteen, listed as gainfully occupied. The percentage had grown from 18.9 in 1890. From 1890 to 1930 the number of married women gainfully occupied increased by leaps and bounds. Forty-seven years ago less than fourteen per cent of the women workers were married. By 1910, 24.7 per cent were married and in 1930, 28.9 per cent. Thus in four decades the percentage more than doubled.

What has been happening during the Depression? As I look about me and observe the well-to-do college girls who are seeking careers and going right on with those careers after marriage; witness the schoolteachers who take an uncanny delight in proving their ability to manage both classrooms and husbands; study the commercial offices where a substantial percentage of the stenographers are helpmates in a double sense; and observe the prosperous communities where scores of wives are contributing, through their earnings, to the maintenance of elaborate homes, I am led to the conclusion that, since 1930, even during a period when thousands of heads of families had no jobs, the

competition of married women has been greatly accelerated.

Summing up, we are faced with four highly interesting questions: To what extent is it necessary for wives to work? What effect is their employment having on our social structure? Would we all be happier if we could return to the philosophy of my grandmother's day when the average woman took it for granted that she must content herself with the best lot provided by her husband? And if we did so, would there then be enough jobs to go around?

II

It was with the idea of obtaining answers to these questions that I set out to obtain accurate statistics about a group of middle-class families. I wasn't interested in factory workers and other low-wage employees who have been so frequently studied in government reports: it is obvious that in these groups it is often sheer need for sustenance that forces the married women to work. But with the middle class, with my own neighbors in a very comfortable community, with the college graduates of the 1920's, with the daughters of prosperous families who have weathered the Depression to the extent

of keeping two automobiles, it is different. It was this group that I set out to study.

By persistent inquiry, I was successful in making up an enlightening record of 295 families which, despite a wide variation in individual incomes, and the presence of one or two very well-to-do persons, as well as some who are obviously poor, can as a group be described as "middle-class." As a matter of fact, the average family income of the group was in excess of \$3300 a year. The cases were picked at random without regard to employment or non-employment of the wife. When I got my tabulations together I found that the so-called weaker sex was going out and bringing in its share of the family income in 117 of the 295 families.

The husbands comprise lawyers, doctors, salesmen, stock brokers, executives, clerks, schoolteachers, engineers, architects, a minister, bank employees, one or two gas station attendants, buyers, insurance agents, designers—in fact, a very representative cross section of American white-collar life. The 117 working wives were classified in no less than thirty-five occupations, showing a great variety of taste and opportunity. A lawyer, a doctor, four well-paid business execu-

tives, a statistician, four buyers, eight social workers, two superintendents of training in business houses, a fairly well-paid bank clerk, six who were engaged in newspaper work or another phase of the writing game—these were some of the more distinctive occupations on the list. Of typists there were fifteen; of secretaries, fourteen; of stenographers, nine; of teachers, nine; and so on down the list—five models, two reception clerks, two dancers or dancing teachers, one running a shop, one taking in sewing, five saleswomen, an artist, a section manager, an actress, three nurses, two telephone operators, a dietitian, clerks, and what have you.

While in general the incomes of the working wives are below those earned by their spouses, this is by no means a 100 per cent rule, for there occur frequent instances when the major part of the family income is produced by the wife. The largest combination of salaries reported was \$15,000 a year—\$7500 earned by the husband and an equal amount by the wife. I found another family where the husband and wife are each bringing in \$5000 a year. Both women are business executives. There were many other interesting combinations. For instance, these:

Husband, lawyer, \$3600; wife, business executive, \$4000.

Husband, manager, \$1800; wife, shop owner, \$2000.

Husband, collector, \$1500; wife, superintendent of training, \$1800.

Husband, athletic coach, \$1800; wife, teacher, \$2800.

Husband and wife newspaper workers, each \$3000.

Husband, machinist's helper, \$1200; wife, teacher, \$2800.

Husband, information service, \$2000; wife, dietitian, \$2500.

And so down the line to the woman who derives her principal support from her husband, but is earning an extra \$200 a year by taking in a boarder.

The above facts are interesting, but perhaps not significant. It seemed to me, however, that when I got all the cases down, added up the figures, and struck off averages, I did derive some information which justified definite conclusions. Here is what the tabulation of 295 families disclosed:

Average annual earnings of men whose wives work	\$229.91
Average earnings of wives who work	1443.50
Average earnings per family where both work	3673.41
Average earnings of men whose wives do not work	3074.72
Average earnings per member of family where both are working	1634.18
Average earnings per member of family where only the husband works	1075.25

It will be noted immediately in the above table that when we study the average income per member of the family, the families with joint incomes have the edge on the others to the tune of nearly \$600 a year. There are two reasons for this: first, that as an average proposition, two people are able to earn more money than one; second, if husbands and wives both are working, they have smaller families than when only one is on the job. My reports showed that there were 263 individuals in the 117 families where father and mother were both income producers, and 509 persons in the families where the whole job of supplying the family larder was left to the father. In other words, the average size of the family where the mother works is 2.25 as against a family of 2.86 when she stays home and does the knitting.

Two-thirds of the husbands of cash-producing wives are, or were until very recently, under thirty. The other group ran a little older, all but about fifty-two per cent having passed the thirty mark. The ages of the wives correspond in general. Probably some of the young wives in the first group, and also in the second, will, after their husbands are better established, find opportunity to produce a baby

or two. Still, I am convinced that the figures furnish evidence of what we all know—that the entrance of women into economic life has been one of the factors in limiting child-bearing and that the new-fashioned wife is more and more disinclined to become the old-fashioned mother.

III

But there were other things that interested me more, and these were the data bearing on the reasons why these women were working. The reasons were stated briefly in my reports. The most frequent notation set forth was "for income". Quite often—and this generally occurred opposite the symbols indicating those whose husbands had fairly adequate incomes—appeared the notation "likes work".

But I think, by and large, that these simple explanations fall somewhat short of the complete story. Nor is it enough to say that there are a lot of these young couples who could not have married at all unless the brides continued their employment. Of the 117 men whose helpmates are joining in the economic struggle, sixty, or more than half, are earning salaries of \$2000 and upwards. Thirty-eight are earning \$2500 or better.

And twelve have incomes ranging up from \$4000. In only nine of the thirty-eight cases where the man's income is \$2500 or better, are there more than two in the family.

Various investigators have fixed the amount required by a family of five to live at the minimum of health and decency, in various American cities, at from \$1600 to \$2000. If a family of five can live decently for, say, \$2000, then presumably a family of two can live at considerably more than the minimum standard.

But a mighty change has taken place in the last thirty years. I recall an instance of a young couple who married in 1907. Both were college graduates. The boy was a newspaper reporter. He was making \$1300 a year. The girl had worked before her marriage. But there was no thought of her working after marriage. It just wasn't done in those days. So they went to live in a respectable, sun-lighted, walk-up apartment where the boy had to tote coal for the living-room stove every Winter morning. They had books; they gave an occasional dinner party; they lived a comfortable life, had two children, and, within five years, with the help of a small legacy and a modest loan, were able to build a comfortable suburban house. And even in the

days of the house, the man's salary for several years was never more than \$60 a week. But they didn't have an automobile. They went to the theater about once a year, and sat in the gallery. The girl didn't have a formal evening dress. They didn't know the taste of gin.

Now, in trying to find out whether young people today with incomes from \$2000 to \$2500 could do the same thing if they desired—that is, live a comfortable and happy life while the wife maintained the old-fashioned idea of responsibilities—I made investigations which led to the conclusion that the cost of living has advanced about fifty-five per cent since 1907. Let us be liberal and say sixty per cent; then a salary of \$2080 today is the equivalent of a salary of \$1300 in 1907.

Now forty of the couples in our survey have better than this figure without counting the wife's income. But what young couple in this age of speed and cocktails can acquire the things they want for a paltry \$40 or \$50 a week? The hotel dance floor has taken the place of the church social as a center of amusement, and more of the family budget is spent for gasoline than used to be spent for clothes.

So I think that one of the most significant factors in our survey is

the comparison of the average incomes per member of the family, which shows that where the wife works there is almost \$600 more per individual to spend—smaller families, of course, but more money for fun, more money to go places and see things, more luxuries, more clothes, better radios, and sometimes more money to educate a child or even to lose in the stock market.

But this is only half the explanation. Going back to grandmother: when she needed a pail of water, it meant a trip to the brook that ran the waterwheel. Cleaning the house meant scrubbing, sweeping the carpets, and shaking the rugs outside the back door—sometimes whitewashing the walls. Wash-day was a delirium of back-rending work. A refrigerator? There was no such thing, only the cool cellar, and this necessitated endless trips down and up stairs.

And even thirty years ago we were still rather crude in our way of living. If there were vacuum cleaners, only the wealthy owned them. The washing machine, the electric iron, the toaster, the pressure cooker, prepared biscuit flour, and all the conveniences which practically enable the modern kitchen to get a meal by itself if the housewife will open the door

of the electric refrigerator and let the ingredients slide over to the automatic range—they were not in general use thirty years ago, some were not even invented.

But today—breakfast from the electric toaster, lunch in Childs, and a complete meal on the table at night in thirty minutes if the couple doesn't decide to stay downtown and go to the movies. One of these business women whom I consulted assured me that if there is someone to come in once a week to clean and do such of the laundry as is not sent out, any woman who ordinarily spends more than one hour and a half a day with her housekeeping must be incompetent. This is especially true if she has one of those tamed husbands who dons a rubber apron after dinner and washes the dishes. So what is the active, intelligent woman to do but go out and look for a job? Unless perchance she should have children. But that again would mean going back to the horse-and-buggy days.

There is another reason. I have talked with young college-girl wives. They say they have a New Philosophy. They are a little indefinite about it, but it all seems to come round to the point at which they feel the old-fashioned domestic life would stifle their mentality.

Bridge parties and teas offer no attraction as a means of passing the spare time that would be theirs should they live on their husbands' incomes. So they insist on their modernity, and get a job.

There is still the question as to whether all these wage-earning wives are adding to the Depression by keeping out of employment the persons who need jobs worse than they. It is certainly true that if married women don't fill the jobs, someone else will, and that would seem to mean help for the unemployed. If even ten per cent of the 3,000,000 gainfully occupied married women in the United States should step out of the economic struggle, it would mean quite a number of vacancies.

But there is another side to the picture. Again going back to grandfather's family with its single wage-earner — it is doubtful if in any single year that family ever set as much as \$500 to circulating in the channels of commerce. Today the working wives of his family have themselves been producing nearly ten times that amount and spending a good part of it. And this helps keep commerce moving — dress factories, beauty shops, oil refineries, book binderies, and every other enterprise which makes articles used by women. Certainly

from an economic standpoint, their labor is not lost. In a number of these families, part of the augmented income is used for the employment of a full- or a part-time servant, whose services would not be possible unless the wife were an earner.

On the other hand, suppose these wives should suddenly become as domestic as their grandmothers. They would spend less, but somebody else would be earning and spending the money which they now spend. And if persons now on the WPA took over their jobs, it might mean that we would have less taxes to pay. This argument seems to justify the action of many school boards and some business houses in discouraging or prohibiting the employment of married women.

But just ask a woman about this. I did. I asked my wife. (Did I mention the fact that she is one of these women who is earning an income for herself?)

"Darling," I said, "this has got to stop. Do you realize that if you should give up your job, it would mean a vacancy into which could step one of these persons who is out of work?"

Her answer was short and to the point:

"Baloney!"

THE ORIGINAL NATURE MAN

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

ON SULTRY July 20, 1914, newspapers up and down the Pacific Coast, announced in blaring headlines: EYES OF WORLD ON TEST OF MAN VS. NATURE. Reading on, Western hemmen learned that Joe Knowles, the Nature Man of Maine, was about to plunge, unarmed and naked as a snake, into the untamed, cougar-infested wilds of the Siskiyou Mountains of Oregon.

Next day, the *Examiner* of San Francisco, sponsor of this one-man scientific expedition, gave over a goodly part of its front page to telling who Joe Knowles was, what he proposed to do, and the conditions of this test of Man vs. Nature. The *Oregonian* of Portland did likewise, and lesser papers of the Coast region broke out with syndicated articles signed by Knowles at his jumping-off place, Grants Pass.

To assure the public there was no fakery, the *Examiner* announced it had secured two eminent naturalists as special investigators. They were Dr. Charles Lincoln Edwards, B.S., Ph.D., head of the

Nature Study Department of the Los Angeles school system, and Prof. T. T. Waterman of the University of California. The two savants would be turned loose in the same wild district where Knowles was to perform and there circulate at will, picking up messages that the Nature Man might write and leave at agreed points. Also they were to set down their own impressions of the experiment and generally act as "guardians of the public interest" in the affair.

Two days later the story was still front-page stuff and getting bigger and better all the time. Wearing a breech-clout and nothing else, with no implement of any kind, Joe Knowles had shaken hands with professors and reporters, posed for Mr. Hearst's cameraman, and vanished into the Siskiyou jungle. There he was to remain for sixty days, unarmed, unaided in any way, living on nuts and berries, or on game if he could snare it with his bare hands; clothing himself as he could from the forest; and pitting his naked body against the

enemies of nature, which ranged all the way from clouds of vicious insects to mean mountain lions. WILD BEASTS ROAR INVITATION TO JOE KNOWLES bellowed the *Examiner* in a banner, and there were echoes all the way from Los Angeles to Seattle.

There hadn't been such a local story since the San Francisco "Fire", and it was going great guns as July crept into its last week. Joe was doing well and sitting pretty, he reported in messages written in charcoal on bark and left for the two professors to pick up. He was living on fish and small game, taken in primitive fashion, and he was about to snare a deer from whose skin he would make himself more durable clothes than those of grass he was wearing. Red-blooded he-men, with whom the West Coast has ever been infested, could scarcely wait for their morning papers to read — pop-eyed and envious — what the Nature Man of Maine had done the day before. It even got into the comic strips and editorial cartoons.

Then came that sinister 28th of July, when all Europe started blowing up. AUSTRIA DECLARES WAR ON SERBIA screamed headlines from coast to coast and on around the world. Twelve hours later the Russian mobiliza-

tion was under way, and the Kaiser had declared war on the Czar. France rose to arms. On August 2, Germany demanded free passage through Belgium. Next day, von Kluck's Big Berthas were bombarding Liège. And on August 4, Great Britain went whole-hog into the riot.

It was a hell of a note for Joe Knowles. And you can guess what it did to the *Examiner's* great experiment of Man vs. Nature. The Naked Thoreau news from Grants Pass went into the back pages next to the classified ads, and many a Californian doesn't know to this day whether Joe Knowles *ever* got out of the woods.

Joe was annoyed, and with considerable reason. What a lousy time to start a World War! Here he was, exposing his hide to the gnats and cougars, fighting a single-handed battle against all the natural enemies of Man — and Europe had to go and blow him off the front page. Gawd!

II

This, however, wasn't the first time that Joe Knowles had ventured alone into the primeval forest to prove that atavism is not only easy and pleasant, but good for newspaper circulation as well; nor was

it his last trip of the kind. It was simply the one when all the breaks were against him.

The time that Joe really knocked them out of their seats was in 1913, a year before the Siskiyou affair. The setting was the woods of Northern Maine, the paper was the *Boston Post*, and the public included almost all the newspaper readers in the United States and Canada. The story was handled with beautiful showmanship. When Joe went into the Maine woods in August, 1913, he was an unknown artist, a struggling portrait painter. Two months later he was a national figure, known alike to adults and school-boys, and the center of a controversy that was second in noise only to that between the friends of Admiral Peary and the friends of Dr. Cook.

His Big Idea came out of a dream. "Not much of a dream," Joe says, "but a damned real one. I dreamt I was lost in the woods, alone and *naked*, with no hope ever of getting out. When I woke up I got to thinking if and how a civilized man could get along in such a situation. A day or so later I related my dream at a small hotel dinner. How a New York newspaperman happened to be present I have forgotten, but there was one;

and next day the *Tribune* carried an interview with me, telling of my claims. In a day or two mail started flooding me."

The correspondence started a train of thought in Joe's mind. Some of the letters agreed that a naked and unarmed man could survive in the forest. Others said Joe was a fool who didn't know what he was talking about. And then, almost simultaneously, came letters from the *Boston American*, a Hearst paper, and the *Boston Post*. Both said they would like to have Joe call on them when he was in Boston. . . . The Big Idea was a-dawning.

First off, but in greatest secrecy lest the Vermonters have him clapped into jail on disorderly conduct charges, Joe conducted an undress rehearsal. Naked except for a G-string, and taking nothing with him, he went into the wooded hills back of Bradford, he says, and remained there a week. It was July. Berries were plentiful. So were flies and mosquitoes. But the dawning Nature Man rubbed his hide with wild spearmint and the pests passed him by. He cornered trout in a small pool and caught them with his hands. Fire was easy, for Joe had learned the secret years before from Indians. All in all, he put in a pleasant and interesting

week. When he emerged from the Bradford woods he packed his grip and went to Boston.

For reasons not at all clear today, the editor of the Boston *American* hemmed and hawed. "You're losing the chance of a lifetime," Joe told him as he walked out, and how true he spoke any Boston newspaperman will tell you now.

So Joe went over to the *Post*. Even in 1913, the *Post* was an old paper, but it wasn't doing well. The loud *American*, still young and rowdy, was giving New England a sample of Hearst at his best, or worst, and it had seemed to Knowles that the Hearst sheet was the logical medium for his experiment. At the moribund *Post*, however, Joe found a real welcome. Charles E. L. Wingate, late general manager of the Boston *Journal*, had just taken hold of the Sunday edition, and he was open to new ideas. He also had some of his own. And so, late in July, Editor Wingate wheeled up his heavy guns and fired a double-truck barrage that startled the natives as they hadn't been startled since Paul Revere rode through Middlesex.

A man, a naked man, a man used to all the comforts of civilization, was about to plunge into the Maine wilderness to learn whether the human race had become so

sissified that it could no longer combat the rigors and dangers which beset Primitive Man. It was a highly dangerous test, the *Post* took pains to point out, for fierce animals stalked silently through the forest lanes, and there was ever the specter of Starvation.

But Joe Knowles was a fine physical specimen. Harvard College said so. Called in by the *Post*, Dr. Dudley Allen Sargent, physical director of the university, looked Joe over carefully and told the world:

Sandow was perfect in strength and development. Knowles is perfect in strength and development. Further, Knowles has probably the staying power of three Sandows.

Now all was in readiness for the great test. The *Post* thoughtfully invited newspapers of other cities to the remote point in Maine where the Nature Man was to take off. The New York *Sun* thought well enough of the story to send its ace feature writer, Frank Ward O'Malley; and there were a score of lesser lights from various dailies. On August 4, 1913, Joe bid them all good-by and walked into the silence of the Dead River country, attired only in a breech-clout.

For the next sixty-one days, New England, New York, and other parts of the country served by the

Post's special syndication, were agog at the swellest feature story in a generation. It was Steve Brodie, Nellie Bly, and Stanley-and-Livingstone all rolled into one great juicy series. The reporters wrote their heads off, and every day or so they would come across a birchbark message, left in a forked sapling by the Nature Man: Joe had been living on roots and berries—he had caught and cooked some fine trout—he had made rude sandals of bark—he was digging a pit in which to catch a bear—he had caught a bear and was enjoying bear steak—he had got some hemlock bark and was tanning the bear's skin—he would soon have a robe—he had caught a deer with his hands, and he was now wearing hide moccasins.

At this, the game wardens of towns round about let out a howl. It was agin' the law to kill deer out of season, gun or no gun, and they were a-goin' to take this crazy man into custody. The wardens hoisted their badges and rifles and struck into the woods to arrest the Nature Man—and newspaper circulation soared again. Tipped off about the wardens by his contact man, Joe headed northward and crossed the Canadian border late in September.

The Canucks left him alone.

Free once more from the harassments of civilization, Joe turned out some neat sketches in charcoal which the *Post* reproduced for a public that couldn't get enough of its Nature Man. Circulation had jumped by now to 400,000 copies, or about double the normal figure.

The nights were getting chilly up in Quebec, Joe reported via birchbark, but he was sleeping warm in his bearskin robe. Time was beginning to hang heavy on his hands, too, for reporters came across a painting—not a sketch—that Joe had made, using the juice of roots and berries for his colors and a well-chewed twig for a brush. Of course, there weren't messages from him every day, but his terse dispatches were so expertly timed and spaced that they kept the newspaper reading public on edge. The *Post's* circulation mounted to 436,585, and there must have been a deal of groaning over in the offices of the *Boston American*.

III

On October 10, Joe emerged from the woods at Megantic, Quebec. He was the picture of health, rugged, tanned, and bearded; and he was met, you may be sure, by a small army of newspapermen, both

Canadian and American. Even a movie outfit was present.

"My only regret at the time," Joe recalls in telling of it, "is that I didn't manage to catch a cub bear alive. I thought it would be a fine idea to come out of the woods leading a small and tamed bear behind me on a leash of willow."

Escorted to Boston on a special train, Joe was distinctly the man of the hour. Big shots of Boston flocked to the Copley-Plaza for a banquet tendered the Nature Man. Newsreel men dogged his steps, while low comedians at the Old Howard staged a Kno Jowles burlesque. Vaudeville booking agents from New York fought to offer a contract, and a janitor swept out Tremont Temple for Joe's first lecture before highbrows. But now, amidst the big whoopee, crept in that sour and envious note that so often attends Success in any form. The *American* told its readers that on the morrow it would bring forth a "complete exposé" of the Nature Man. Its announcement hinted at gigantic **skullduggery** on the part of Knowles and the *Post*, and it promised shocking revelations.

The *Post* had got wind of the coming blast even before it was announced. It also got a court injunction prohibiting the *American* from publishing a story which it

held was a gross libel. Things happened rapidly in the *American* office, once the injunction was served. The story was already out, in the early bulldog edition, and men were sent forth to bring in all copies of this edition. The front page was broken up, the exposé story killed, and there was no mention of Joe in the regular city edition. That is, no mention except for a striking full-page advertisement announcing publication of "*Alone in the Wilderness*, by Joe Knowles, the Nature Man." It was neatly timed: the book sold more than 300,000 copies.

The *American* said nothing more about Knowles. It didn't even mention a suit for \$50,000 which Joe had brought against the paper for printing the "slandrous story" in the early edition, copies of which had pretty well permeated New England outside of Boston. But, in any event, a magnificent controversy had been loosed. Was it true, as an investigating reporter of the *American* had averred, that the Nature Man had spent most of two months lolling around in a deserted but comfortable logging camp? Had Joe been living like a backwoods potentate, attended by innumerable stooges in the form of guides, hunters, and bullcooks? Was it so that no less

than four small holes, suspiciously like bullet holes, had appeared in the bear robe? Had a leather expert of Boston vowed that the little deer skin had been tanned by a commercial process? And was young Billy Lavaway lying when he told a backcounty Maine paper that he had been sent out of the woods by Joe to get some cigarettes; and that when the kid had returned with Piedmonts, Joe had angrily roared he had ordered Sweet Caps? Did the *American*, in short, have it right when it termed Joe Knowles "The Doc Cook of The Maine Woods"?

Those were fighting words in those days, and Joe and the *Post* fought back. They fought with heavy ammunition in the shape of affidavits of Maine guides, opinions of nationally known naturalists, and of at least one United States senator. Joe took the platform in Boston's Tremont Temple and challenged his detractors to come forward. They came not, but the thing had become a *cause célèbre* and New England was in turmoil. It was great for circulation, too.

With the booming of charges and counter-charges ringing in his ears, Joe took to the Keith Vaudeville Circuit for twenty weeks, with 24-sheet billing and \$1200 a week.

IV

Knowles later declared that because of the "exposé" incident, seven employees of the *American* were fired. In any case, the hatchet was buried, for *Hearst's International*, a slick-paper monthly magazine, came out with an editorial, done in brisbanal style, paying high compliment to Joe:

We thank Knowles for his experiment. It is a noble piece of poetry. A naked man against the tooth and claw of Nature, and coming out victor — clothed, fed, healthy; it is a deal more comforting to our proper human pride than the erection of a Woolworth building.

Less than a year later, Joe took into the wild Siskiyou for Hearst's *Examiner* of San Francisco, as related. Despite the unseasonable breaking out of the World War, Mr. Hearst had seen what a Nature Man could do for circulation, if but given a chance. So he had Joe go to New York, and there, in the summer of 1916, the *Journal* prepared to make up for what its sister-paper in Boston had muffed.

This time the stunt was to be — appropriately enough, considering the sponsor — a double-barreled affair. There would be a Dawn Man, and a Dawn Woman, both of them naked and both of them out in the Great Silence, but *not*

together. (Remember, this was twenty years ago.) The general routine was to be about the same as that used by Joe in his Maine and Oregon-California adventures. It was also announced that Knowles would give the Dawn Woman a week of serious woodcraft instruction before she went out on her own.

The Dawn Woman soon appeared, in the columns of the palpitating *Journal*, in the form of Elaine Hammerstein, said by the *Journal* to be "the beautiful society leader and well-known actress". Joe, of course, knew he was to play second fiddle in this experiment.

The country selected for the Dawn Woman's commune with Nature was the timbered region near Old Forge, in Essex County, New York, and the "special investigator" for the newspaper was no less than the eminent Dr. Woods Hutchinson. Joe took Elaine in tow (her mother was along as chaperon) and for a week or so he gave her intensive instruction in fire-making, weaving, and fishing without tackle; and he showed her edible herbs, roots, and berries native to the country. As he tells it today, Elaine's enthusiasm for a Dawn life seemed perceptibly to lessen day by day during the instruction period.

But Elaine told the reporters that she was Ready and would Conquer. Boozy cameramen shot the pretty girl in all sorts of semi-Dawn attire; and they also snapped Joe in all his Cro-Magnon nakedness.

And then, on a blistering Sunday, the *Journal* double-trucked a spread that would make editors of today's tabloids sit up in envy. KNOWLES HURLS DEFEY AT GRIM NATURE, said one banner; while another, somewhat leerily, told how DAWN GIRL SLIPS NAKED INTO DARK FOREST. Young men decided to take up woodcraft. Goatish old males simply drooled.

The Dawn Woman lasted long enough to send out a few pathetic notes on birchbark. "Tango teas, Broadway, and matinees are a far cry from the absolute silence of the great woods," she wrote. At the end of seven days she came out of the absolute silence, and undoubtedly returned to her swell Riverside Drive home of which the reporters had made so much. "She just couldn't take it," was Joe's only comment.

With the Dawn Woman back in her sissy boudoir, there wasn't any use of sticking around, so Joe came out of the woods himself and put on his pants.

V

For the past twenty years, Joe Knowles has made his home at Seaview on a remote shore of the Washington coast. The wild Pacific breakers pound his doorway and high tides surround his studio, where he paints and does etchings. He is hearty, jovial, and 69 years old. He holds no animosity toward those who sought to "expose" him, not even the guy who called him "the Doc Cook of the

Maine woods". But he makes it emphatically clear that he will not answer letters or other queries about his Back-to-Nature experiments.

"I'm still sorry I didn't manage to catch a bear cub, up there in Maine," he says wistfully. "It would have been a knockout — parading out of that timber a-leading a bear like a Scottie. It's just about the only regret I have. . . . That and that goddam war breaking out when it did."



TO YOU, MY EARTH

BY RAYMOND HOLDEN

THAT bird that to the colored cloud ascends,
 Beating earth downward, with his feathered blows,
 Cannot escape, however high he goes,
 The weight of shadow which his flying bends.
 Strung between all his feathers and that bough,
 Rooted in earth, from which his flight began,
 Hangs the same gravity that holds a man
 Pierced through the living loins, the breast, the brow.

To you, my earth, to the unnoticed lines
 That from the slight mass of your young flesh reach
 My mind, my breath, my body, claiming each,
 My moving life its motion's world confines.
 You are beneath, and by your power, within
 All that I feel, think, follow or begin.

ONLY SAPS PAY RETAIL PRICES

BY HANNAH LEES

IN SPITE of the traditional attitude of mockery toward ladies' bridge parties, a lot of interesting things come up over the card table of an afternoon. It was between rubbers a few weeks ago, for instance, that the high price of electric refrigerators was under discussion and my forthright partner remarked: "But you don't have to get one retail, you know. Retail prices are simply for saps. Don't you know Somebody?"

And it was over another bridge table a little later that the question of washing machines was raised and another woman of my acquaintance said: "It was a \$100 machine but I got it for sixty through Bob's connection with A——. I could have got twenty per cent discount anyway through this merchandise service I know, but then Bob said maybe A——'s purchasing department could do better. He asked them and they got us forty per cent off."

It was just the sort of domestic chatter you might expect of a table of suburban housewives, but it

opened up a whole new economic world to my innocent gaze. Hitherto I had thought that when you wanted to buy a household article, large or small, you went to a store and selected it. The price was on the tag and you paid it. If you wanted to economize, you got last year's or floor models and accepted the liabilities and lack of guarantee that went with reduced merchandise. But you usually bought at the retail price. That is how naïve I was.

Naïve because, since then, through various channels, all of them perfectly honest and some of them openly advertised, I have bought a \$229 refrigerator for \$161, a \$99 stove for \$59, a \$30 radio for \$18, Venetian blinds at twenty-five per cent off their retail price, and a mattress and springs at twenty per cent off. During the same time, I have had friends tell me of buying a \$22 watch for \$13, a \$35 wardrobe suitcase for \$20, and a \$100 typewriter for \$50. Every one of the articles I have mentioned was a late model of a na-

tionally known, nationally advertised brand, and carried with it all the guarantees that would have come had one paid the regular retail price in a retail store. In some cases the articles were purchased in exactly the same store and from exactly the same sales persons who would have sold them at the higher price had the customer not come with the magic password.

For of course there is the magic password angle. There are two ways in which this wholesale buying by retail customers is done. The first, open to anybody without even the formality of an introduction, is through various merchandising organizations operated frankly for profit. I have no way of knowing how numerous these organizations are, but in my town, a fairly large but highly conservative one, I know personally of three, and suspect there must be others. They have quiet little offices in banks or other substantial buildings, and you hear about them ordinarily through a friend. (But not always, for one of the organizations in my city sent me a three-page letter detailing varieties of goods from wedding presents to oil burners, on which I could save from ten to forty per cent.) When you go to the office you are greeted by an attractive young woman who asks

you what you are interested in, says yes, they have very good prices on that article, does a little telephoning, and then sends you to one or more addresses with a slip saying you are from such and such a bureau. You go to this place, usually a wholesale office, present the slip, and are shown merchandise and quoted prices. I imagine the prices are somewhat higher than the regular wholesale prices—for they would almost have to be—but I am certain that the articles I have been shown are quoted at a great deal lower figure than the regular retail prices. You pay for your purchase, either by cash or check. It is sent home to you. The merchandise service receives a small commission from the wholesaler and everybody is happy—except possibly the retail store owner.

The second way of buying wholesale offers greater savings, but requires certain definite connections, not exclusive at all, just connections that almost anyone might have. I think I am fairly safe in assuming that many times as many goods are bought through connections as through merchandise services. Such connections, aside from the obvious one of having a friend who has a friend in the wholesale business, are banks, railroads, in-

insurance companies, universities, lodges, and other large organizations. The way it works out is that such organizations have purchasing departments more or less organized, more or less efficient, and many of them offer their executives and employees the privilege of buying through them any article that could conceivably be purchased for the firm — and often things that couldn't conceivably be purchased for the firm. This helpful little service is not advertised throughout the organization. Usually you have to hear about it from a co-employee or co-executive, but once you have heard and have got over the bated breath feeling that comes with your first purchase, the procedure is simple.

If you or one of your immediate family is connected with such an organization, you merely telephone the purchasing department, telling them what you want to buy. You are then sent, cheerfully and openly, to the company that will give you the best price on the article, often, in the case of little-advertised goods, to the very department store where you would have gone to purchase the article retail. You find what you want and make a note of it. Then, if it is a department store, you go to the contract department. Most depart-

ment stores, I have discovered, have contract departments that do a flourishing business with a scale of prices quite different from those you or I would ordinarily see. You tell them you are from such and such an organization, ask for a price on a certain commodity, and are given it. Usually in department stores, the price is not more than twenty per cent below retail, but it is seldom less. If you go direct to the manufacturers of such articles as typewriters and household appliances, the contract price may be as little as half the retail price, though it is more often about thirty per cent lower. When you have your price and the name and number of the article, you send a note and check to the purchasing department of your organization and they give the order.

There is nothing furtive or clandestine about the affair. The purchasing department, the salesman, and the contract department which makes the price, are all perfectly frank about the transaction being a personal purchase. The goods are delivered to you, or if you are making the purchase for a friend, the goods are delivered to him. Only certain formalities are necessary to protect what is left of the retail trade. One of these is the roundabout way of paying for your

purchase; another is to refer to the price quoted as a contract price, never as a discount. They are very particular about the latter, though it is perfectly obvious to everyone that you are not buying in quantity.

II

That all these gestures are indeed sheer formality was brought home to me recently when a relative of mine, through an organization with which he is connected, bought a portable typewriter of standard make. I happened to be on hand during the transaction and found the salesman far from reticent on the subject of wholesale buying, voicing in different words the pronouncement of my friend.

"It's a good machine, Mr. B——," he said, affably demonstrating its excellent features after quoting a figure exactly \$18.40 less than the retail cost, "and the price is right." Then, feeling expansive, he added: "You know there's thousands of people connected with organizations like yours who could save themselves a lot of money if they just took advantage of their opportunities. Trouble is, a lot of them don't know."

Since only a year before I had bought a portable typewriter of the

same make from the same agency at a price which, according to the salesman, was not right, simply because I had been one of those who did not know, I must confess to some bitterness at his bland acceptance of what for lack of a better phrase I must call the double standard. But when I asked him, as idly as I could manage, how they were able to quote these exceedingly low prices, he merely smiled and said: "Well, C—— (the institution with which my relative was connected) buys a lot of machines from us, so we can afford to."

Yet obviously it wasn't the institution that was buying the machine, but my relative. Obviously the manufacturer wasn't doing the institution a favor but merely helping it do my relative a favor, which is just another way of saying that a new way had been found to increase sales and profits.

Of course, not every type of goods nor every brand can be bought in either of these ways. Clothing, as far as I know, is outside the field, though I recall that some years ago in Paris I was sent to exactly such a merchandise service and from them sent with exactly the same slips to wholesale dress houses, so quite possibly such organizations for buying clothing

do exist in America. When it comes to household goods, some of the more successful and self-sufficient manufacturing companies offer no discount, or contract price, to retail buyers, or such a small one as hardly to seem worthwhile alongside the thirty and forty per cent cuts of other companies. These concerns, of course, are simply working in closer accord with the retailer and jealously protecting his interests, which they have undoubtedly decided are their own as well. From the standpoint of commercial loyalty, this is highly admirable, but what I am beginning to wonder is whether this protection is economically justified.

The retail or department store, as I see it, has a number of more or less desirable functions. It allows people to charge their purchases and to pay over a long period of time. It displays goods attractively and stimulates buying in people who are undecided about their wants. It displays a great variety of goods conveniently in one center, though to my mind, going from store to store is no worse than going from floor to floor in the crowded elevators of the average department emporium. It employs a great many people who would otherwise swell the ranks of Relief. But when you consider the differ-

ence between the straight retail and the wholesale-retail prices, it looks rather as if the retail consumer is paying too high a price for his privilege of shopping and charging, or the philanthropist too much for the purpose of keeping a few thousand people employed.

I don't suggest that the department stores are making exorbitant profits. I don't think they are, though I am fairly certain that their profits are seldom negligible. But I do suggest that their organizations, like practically everything else in our civilization, have become so cumbersome and expensive that they are forced to step up the price of what they sell out of all proportion to its cost of production, or its value to the consumer. I am wondering if this widespread habit of wholesale-retail buying has not grown up as an unconscious protest to that unnecessarily expensive organization, and if it will not turn out to be a vital test. They can't both survive — not with such tremendous disparity. One is certain soon or late to exert enough pressure to drive the other out of existence. But while the economic struggle works itself out, and those in the know keep on buying at special figures, the whole thing seems a little unfair to the saps who pay retail prices.

NLRB — INDUSTRY'S NEW DICTATOR

The United States Supreme Court has agreed to hear arguments on three test cases involving the constitutionality of the Wagner Labor Relations Act. The arguments will probably take place this month. The following article presents a factual analysis of the National Labor Relations Board set up under the Wagner Act. No matter which way the Supreme Court rules, the information contained in Mr. Wilcox's article is of historic importance to every employer and employee in the United States. — The Editor.

BY U. V. WILCOX

UNINVITED, but present at every directors' meeting of every company, corporation, and partnership in America, are three shadowy figures who possess extraordinary powers. At every session of every workers' improvement association, union, council, or shop group, the same three sit in. The good-will of all employer-employee relationship in the Republic rests in their hands; in their supposedly omniscient minds are balanced all profits and all wages, whether in giant industries or village factories. It is the right of these three to issue statutory rules which they alone may abrogate; they can commandeer industrial records, issue fiats, and disregard every established rule of

legal evidence in order to secure the convictions of those who oppose them. By virtue of the celestial wisdom and implicit understanding of all national problems which must be theirs, they create their own specific brand of industrial Utopia, achieved on the stated premise that there are two classes in America forever at war with one another — the men who hire and those who are hired. It is certainly arguable that no three men — not elected by the people, and unknown even by name to the vast majority — have ever before in history wielded such absolute power over life and property.

A gargantuan nightmare of some impractical theorist? Unfor-

unately, no. There was set up by the Seventy-fourth Congress the authority of the National Labor Relations Board, composed of three men whose duties, orders, and spheres of power make them a definite factor in every American business and industrial enterprise, affecting not only the future of commerce but every individual's right to work. Although this ambient legal monstrosity was passed over the combined objections of employers as well as of many employees, it was signed, promulgated, politically staffed, and made to function with Dr. Roosevelt's customary glib insouciance. Its officials have now donned their operating robes, sharpened their knives, and inserted their legalistic scalpels into private business, industry, and commerce. Whether there follows a post mortem or an epileptic dementia will depend entirely upon the resistance of the patient.

The members of the Board, each drawing an annual salary of \$10,000 from the taxpayers for a term of five years, and removable from office only for proven neglect of duty or malfeasance, are presumed to listen to complaints from workers desiring a new means of bargaining with their employers, and to order elections under fed-

eral protection, which will in turn name representatives for the signing of closed shop contracts. The workers may have labored long and happily as members of their own independent associations, unaffiliated with national unionism, but this state of affairs, under the Uplift, is deemed vicious. It is now decreed that all workers must organize and support salaried labor messiahs, so that they can enforce, through collective bargaining, their dominant place in the economic scheme.

The Board, to accomplish this delivery of men and women to the More Abundant Life, orders the employer into the docket and promptly adjudges him guilty. It proceeds from the premise that employers are opposed to all collective bargaining, even to meeting with organizations representing employees. The very Act under which the Board operates declares at the outset that employers always deny the right of their employees to organize, thus leading to strikes and industrial strife. Hence, "the practice and procedure of collective bargaining" must be encouraged "by protecting the exercise by workers of full freedom of association, self-organization, and designation of representatives of their own choosing for the purpose

of negotiating the terms and conditions of their employment". Since it is held that those who hire are irrefragably guilty of provoking labor wars, the legal mandate of the Board is directed wholly against them.

Certain specific business practices are declared to be unfair in this vigorous offensive against all American industry. The Board, of course, is given the divine power of diagnosis, the skill to detect, and the power of judgment for the issuance of cease and desist orders against any employer. They may find him guilty of:

1. Interfering with, restraining, or coercing employees.
2. Dominating or interfering with the formation or administration of any labor organization, or contributing financially to the support of any labor organization.
3. Discouraging or encouraging membership in any labor organization, except such organizations as may be sanctioned (by the Board) for collective bargaining purposes.
4. Discharging or discriminating against a worker who may complain or file charges or give testimony.
5. Refusing to bargain collectively with workers.

Should the Board decide, after listening to testimony or after making secret investigations, that the managers, owners, or representatives of the stockholders are guilty of any of these things, either in

word, interpretation, or routine order, they then start their ponderous legal millstones which can grind small manufacturers into bankruptcy and big ones into insolvency.

Throwing in the first gear of the Uplift machine brings a notice of hearing before the Board in not less than five days' time. The second is the taking of testimony against the employer. (It is never possible for him to complain against the employee or employee organizations.) The millstones grind faster as the Board permits, in its discretion, "any other person to intervene in the said proceedings and to present testimony. *In any such proceedings the rules of evidence prevailing in courts of law or equity shall not be controlling*". Thus it becomes possible to place in the record the opinions of those who may be in no way connected with the business, such as the testimony of paid labor organizers, gossip, prejudiced opinion, or any other matter which the Board desires to accept. The verdict of guilty allows a fine of \$5000 and a year's jail sentence, or both.

Forseeing the possibility that some employers will have the courage and the means to appeal the decisions of the Board to the highest courts, the Act provides that "the findings of the Board as

to facts, if supported by evidence, shall be conclusive". This means that a high court cannot re-open the basic complaint nor inquire into the original causes, but is bound by the "findings of the Board as to facts". Any attempt to question the "evidence" would very likely encounter difficulties inherent in the lapse of time, prejudiced public opinion, or inability to locate original witnesses.

The Board, however, is empowered to do more than merely protect the rights of employees "to self-organization, to form, join, or assist labor organizations to bargain collectively", and "to engage in concerned activities", since it may resolve itself into an inquisitorial body. Individually, or through agents, it may pry into all industrial relationships appertaining to employment conditions. This evidence, of course, must be wholly against the hirer, must never hint that those who receive wages can act improperly. In its detective role, the Board can commandeer such "books, records, correspondence, documents", including letters, payrolls, and any other data from a company's files, as it may desire. It may call officials to testify under oath and should they refuse, they "may be punished as in contempt" of court.

There is no escaping the omnipotence of the NLRB, since "attendance of witnesses and production of such evidence, may be required from any place in the United States or territory or possession thereof at any designated place of hearing". Thus it is the Board which names the place and the time, and indicates the evidence needed for conviction in its triple role of court, prosecutor, and inquisitor. Should the employer desire to evade a summons, he will find that this too is impossible since "complaints, orders, and other process and papers of the Board, its member, agent, or agency, may be served either personally or by registered mail or by telegraph or by leaving a copy thereof at the principal office or place of business of the person required to be served". The return post-office receipt or telegraph record is evidence enough that the employer has been duly notified that he must appear in the prisoner's docket.

Though these far-reaching powers may seem slightly autocratic in this great Liberal Democracy, the NLRB Act further states that the Board may lay down the regulations of conduct which, in effect, become a part of the Act itself. Thus, it not only may order whomsoever it will to play the game, but

specifies the rules under which the game shall be played. For example, should a disgruntled employee file a charge against his employer, he may not withdraw the charge except with the consent of the regional director appointed by the Board for that particular section of the United States. Once the charge is filed and the complaint served, perhaps by leaving a copy with the receptionist in the outer business office, the employer has five days in which to fight for his industrial life. When he does appear, believing he can defend himself, he may find his whole argument upset, for the "complaint may be amended by the trial examiner or the Board in his or her discretion". With the Board sitting as judge, jury, and prosecutor, the employer must "specifically admit or deny or explain each of the acts" complained of, and "any allegation in the complaint not specifically denied in the answer, unless respondent shall state in the answer that respondent is without knowledge, shall be deemed to be admitted to be true and may be so found by the Board".

Furthermore, "any person or labor organization desiring to intervene" may do so with the regional director's permission, and this intervention "in person or by counsel" is allowable "to such an

extent and upon such terms as he (the director or trial examiner) shall deem just". Witnesses can be examined orally or under oath, or the official of the Board may permit a deposition instead. Should the Board or the complaining worker or the union official seeking to secure control of the group in that particular region, so desire, subpoenas may be served. While such an important trial might be presumed to be public, it is entirely within the discretion of the Board or its representative to hold a star chamber proceeding. But this is understandable since "*the rules of evidence prevailing in courts of law or equity shall not be controlling*". It is thoughtfully provided that if "a witness shall refuse to answer any question which has been ruled proper . . . this shall be grounds for striking out of all testimony previously given by such witnesses on related matters".

Finally, if the luckless employer can comply with all these manifold exactions, it is still possible for the Board to provide a final hazard, for "these rules and regulations shall be liberally construed to effectuate the purposes and provisions of the Act", and "any rule or regulation may be amended or rescinded by the Board at any time". For it must be remembered that

Section I of the Act specifically questions the good faith of all those who hire men.

It Can't Happen Here? Well Messrs. Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini must look with understandable envy on the National Labor Relations Act as it is now functioning in the Land of the Free.

II

During the lengthy hearing preceding the enactment of the Bill (known then as the Labor Disputes Act), both worker organizations—other than nationally organized—and employers repeatedly emphasized that it was manifestly unfair to single out the employer for punishment. Even some of the Bill's supporters urged the committee to be fair in this matter. Yet, though the Act specifically states that "it shall be an unfair labor practice for an employer to interfere with, restrain, or coerce employees in the exercise of the rights guaranteed in Section 7", there is nothing to forbid coercion on the part of labor organizers, despite the common, everyday evidence that they threaten, use physical violence, and employ sabotage. Thus the author of the Bill maintained that there was no need to protect the employer from coer-

cion, but that the power of the Federal Government must be guaranteed to labor groups using blackjacks, brass knuckles, and other violent methods in molding mass sentiment.

Formerly, many managers, superintendents, and boards of directors were guilty of the heinous offense of contributing to welfare associations of their workers. Today, however, this constitutes a particularly flagrant form of coercion. For, since employers are perpetual enemies of their employees, such aid must be assumed to be a crafty means of controlling workers. Indeed, the company which provides an annual picnic-barbecue can technically be called before the NLRB to answer a charge of using reprehensible tactics.

It seems entirely probable that the Board will be more and more used as a means of creating suspicion and of sowing the seeds of discord for the benefit of unscrupulous labor organizers who profit through the turnover of industrial strife. Of profound help in this process of disruption is the principle of majority rule for purposes of collective bargaining (Section 9a). As this article is written, the majority rule principle, which paid propagandists for labor assert is so basically American, is finding its fruit in

strikes, closed plants, and appeals to the courts. It works this way: Fifty-one per cent of the workers in any plant can name the representatives for all or designate the type of union preferred; the forty-nine per cent minority, wishing some other representative or organization, is in effect disfranchised, cut off from any direct contact with their employers. Thus a single group can dominate vast numbers of workers and close the doors of the employers' office to the man who wants to sell his services at his own price.

Further, the power to determine the unit of collective bargaining is similarly controlled. For example, a majority of workers in the shoe factories of New England can force a condition of work of their own liking on shoe workers in California where living standards may be vastly different; or *vice versa*. Under majority rule, the contractual right between the worker and the company which hires him is abrogated; that is, the worker is obliged to write a blank ticket and give it to others to fill in, being obliged to accept the terms.

Thus majority rule, while masquerading as true Americanism, here becomes the symbol of legalized tyranny. To create the necessary fifty-one per cent of vot-

ing employees, entrenched labor groups can intimidate, threaten, beat, and coerce timid workers without fear of molestation from the Board. Under the Act, there is nothing the employer can do about it to protect his workers. There is no answer, no defense. The State — and its untouchable bureaucrats — can do no wrong.

III

Who, then, are the omnipotent members of this NLRB, Presidentially-appointed and Congressionally-endowed with the power of life or death over American industry? Admittedly it is their judgment and understanding that can determine a man's right to work as he pleases, and an employer's chance of earning a living. These Solons must be the Republic's most able men, one would imagine — famous authorities on the problems of industry, trained executives, renowned administrators of the fantastic power they wield. Well, can the reader name, off-hand, *one* member of the NLRB?

Until the middle of the year, there were three members of the Board: J. Warren Madden, Edwin S. Smith, and John M. Carmody. The latter, during the late Summer, resigned to accept a position

elsewhere in the government. Hence at this writing, there are but two Board members, yet under the Act these two are a majority and continue their judgments, their investigations, and their policing without interruption. According to their own records, they had, up to October 1, displayed their omnipotent skill on a total of 1405 cases involving an estimated 291,408 workers, with approximately one-half these cases pending before various courts on appeal, or awaiting the collection of additional evidence. An analysis of such cases as are specified shows that the majority concerned presumed discrimination because of union affiliation — and the Board supports the union.

Chairman Madden, whose pedagogical presentation of obtuse points of law for many years made him popular among Summer students from Cornell to California, has never expounded on specialties relating to industry and commerce, insofar as there is any record. Instead, he has harped on legal theories and decisions in the courts of domestic relations. While not technically a divorce lawyer, Mr. Madden is acquainted with all the finely attuned details that follow the separating of husband from wife: the legal rights of children

and parenthood relating to money, property, real estate, a bastard's right to an inheritance or support, and other such minutiae of social life. From out of this interesting background of the social complexities of our civilization, the Chairman is able to understand the profit and loss of commerce, the brass-knuckle coercions of union organizations, and the intensity of labor wars. Such fancy equipment he brings to the life-and-death judgment of American industry.

His divinity compatriot, Edwin S. Smith, hails from Harvard's halls, which led to three years on New England newspapers before he took a flyer in shoe retailing. But these experiences were mere incidents along the path to omnipotent glory. Mr. Smith, the go-getter, made the acquaintance of a paper manufacturer who gave him his first large contacts with mass workers. After the World War, Lincoln Filene took him into his Boston department store as a personal assistant. That proved the elevator to more power, for Governor Ely heeded Mr. Filene's suggestion that he make the youthful assistant a Commissioner of Labor and Industries in the Bay State. Mr. Smith was sitting in that chair when President Roosevelt crooked his finger, the result being that he

attended the International Labor Conference in Geneva three years ago. The reports he brought back, coupled with his Harvard connections and his sponsors, made it natural for the White House to name him a divine on the NLRB. Further, Mr. Smith records that he studied at the Russell Sage Foundation, wrote a prize-winning essay, and outlined social-service courses for the girls of Wellesley College.

Messrs. Madden and Smith, now in their middle forties, are presumed to have the vast understanding necessary for pioneering a New Industrial Era. Undoubtedly their heady quaffs of social-service gospel weighed much in their favor, for the Administration has ever preferred theories that glorify the infirmities of the Downtrodden to any recognition of the facts of life. The legalistic Mr. Madden confesses that for a time he was a member of the Pittsburgh Board of the Federation of Social Agencies, thus matching Ed Smith's counsels at Wellesley. So they speak the same language.

Important, too, in the NLRB is the General Counsel, Charles Fahy, upon whom the Board must depend for its defense when hailed before the higher courts. He is a Southerner who spent his college days in Notre Dame and George-

town. His first love was aviation and he became a flyer, joining the Naval Reserve. But he found that Life was more than flying, so he drifted about in search of a law practice, finally settling on the broad plains of New Mexico. Being a sturdy Democrat, he was soon placed on the Petroleum Administrative Board. The Labor Disputes Act was passed and Mr. Fahy wanted a wider sphere, so the Chief Counselor's seat was dusted off. Whatever he may have learned about petroleum, aviation, and the Rockne Shift compares favorably with the varied knowledge of Messrs. Madden and Smith in producing that wisdom necessary to control industrial strife.

Associated with the most intimate details of procedure within the Board is associate-counsel and assistant-secretary Benedict Wolf. He is shrewd, zealous, Columbia University trained, and a protégé of Senator Wagner, author of the Act. Mr. Wolf is an ardent sympathizer with the Downtrodden. In this approach he finds radical-minded David J. Saposs, chief economist and consultant of the Board, an understanding associate. In any matter of policy or program, Messrs. Fahy, Wolf, and Saposs must be considered as a definite driving force.

It is perhaps but natural that a thick air of secrecy should enshroud the offices of the NLRB and its executives. From the most lowly clerk to the august chairman, there is a manifest antagonism toward disclosing information about the work of the Board, its individual members, or its personnel. While long-existent government agencies are freely opened to exploitation of activities in critical periods or popular years, the NLRB shrinks from revealing even the most routine information. If factual data is desired, monthly releases telling of court cases are produced as sufficient; if records of complaints filed or queries on future policy are sought, there is nothing available. If facts concerning the life, experience, or knowledge of individual officials are requested, the answer is silence. Ordinarily a government official seeks publicity, glorying in

past achievements and present power, but not at the offices of the NLRB. A ukase has gone out denying to reporters, correspondents, and even students anything that would reveal details of these supreme divinities.

The Board and its counselors have admittedly been moving cautiously. They have tapped but lightly their vast resources of power. This has been a political year, and it has been necessary not to embarrass either the author of the bill or the Administration. The Board members have had to lurk in the shadows and shun the light of publicity, if for no other reason than because they were not sure of the constitutionality of their powers. But what now? Is this tyrannical bureaucracy to go full speed ahead, spending its vast authority on the collectivizing of American industry?



ADULTERY ON WHEELS

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

UNDER the theocratic penal code of our Puritan Fathers, the sower of wild oats was likely to reap a terrifying crop of legal whirlwinds and moral dragons. If the female sexual chiseler got nothing worse than a scarlet letter, her boy friend was first publicly whipped, and then compelled to sign a continency bond insuring his saintly behavior toward womankind in general and a designated lady in particular. For extreme cases of "carnal copulation with another man's wife", it was enacted that "they shall be both punished by death".

These fancy forms of social vendetta have been repealed long since, without any deleterious effect on the monogamous family; and it is now generally agreed that no ordinary piece of devilry between a man and a woman of adult years is serious enough to warrant a grand jury investigation. Accordingly, in some States, adultery is nothing more than a ground for divorce. In other jurisdictions it is set down as a misdemeanor,

but the authorities almost never prosecute.

As a matter of federal law, however, the soul of Cotton Mather marches on. Under the famous Mann Act, as it has been judicially construed, the enforcement of the Seventh Commandment is still the special business of the national constabulary; and the wages of sexual sin are fixed at five years in prison and a \$5000 fine—a penalty considerably higher than is usually paid for bank robbery or manslaughter.

That the operation of this statute would have satisfied the pious ire of the most hardened witch-burning Puritan will appear from a few officially reported cases. The *cause célèbre* on the subject was brought to trial in 1913, when two married men were arrested for having crossed the California-Nevada boundary with immoral intent, accompanied by two unmarried women. There was no dispute about the voluntary nature of the excursion; nor was it denied that the four sinners were far beyond

the age of consent and belonged to respectable families. That the episode was even less reprehensible than the ordinary sexual escapade, appears from the fact that one of the men married his "white slave" soon after the trial, and is still living with her in holy wedlock.

It was plausibly argued by the defense attorneys that the statute in question was officially known as *The White Slave Traffic Act*, and that, as Mr. Mann had consistently represented, its sole purpose was the punishment of commercialized vice. But the Government insisted that illicit sexual intercourse was "*ejusdem generis* with prostitution" and "the two purposes differ not in principle but merely in degree". The legal results were two years in prison for one man, eighteen months for the other, and heavy fines for both. When the cases reached the United States Supreme Court, three of the judges joined in a vigorous dissenting opinion. But the legal precedent was firmly established in the majority ruling that every transgressor of the moral code belongs in the same category as the panderer and the procurer. Hundreds of similar convictions have since followed in every part of the Republic.

It must be remembered that

every State law imposes adequate penalties for rape; and when the girl is a minor, her consent does not mitigate the offense. Consequently, the Mann Act usually deals with the voluntary indiscretions of mature citizens. In *The U.S. vs. Tobias*, (1924), the defendant pointed out that his accuser, formerly in his employ, was twenty-four years old, and well able to preserve her chastity. But it was shown that Tobias had purchased two railroad tickets and that the girl had occupied a drawing room with him on the train. Ignoring his denials of sexual misbehavior, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the three-year sentence was affirmed on appeal. In *The U.S. vs. Christian*, (1928), the age of the transported woman may be inferred from the fact that she "had first been married to a man named Hendrix, later to a man named Hills, and lastly to a man named Ingram". There was evidence that her fourth matrimonial venture was to be with a man named Christian, the defendant in the case. But the ceremony had not yet taken place when the couple crossed an imaginary line from Tupelo, Mississippi, to Monette, Arkansas. This geographical fact, added to strong suspicions of adultery, brought Christian a prison

sentence of eighteen months.

Obviously, when a biological accord has already been reached between man and maid, a moving vehicle is more of a nuisance than a provocation; and their purpose in traveling is seldom more wicked than the wish to be elsewhere. Yet the courts insist that unhallowed honeymooning is the motive of every unwedded excursion. Thus in *The U.S. vs. Aplin* (1930), the defendant had lived with a twenty-two-year-old woman for four months before they moved from Salem, Oregon, to Las Vegas, Nevada. It is doubtful whether the accused actually believed that the forbidden fruit of Salem would taste better in Las Vegas. No sane person would repeat a State peccadillo in order to elevate it into a federal felony. But the court held that "the jury might well infer that at least one of the purposes of the transportation was debauchery". The twelve peers resolved all questions in favor of depravity, and Aplin's expiation was fixed at two and a half years.

To be sure, federal judges seldom fail to explain that the punishment of uncanonical conduct "is solely within the power of the States", and that the Mann Act applies only to "*interstate transportation* of women and girls for

any immoral purpose". But this is legal quibbling without a moral difference. For since traveling is clearly not a crime, and sexual irregularity is at most an unpunished misdemeanor, it is not easy to perceive how nothing plus nothing can logically yield five years in Alcatraz. The plain truth is that the national government has invaded a realm of behavior that the local authorities do not deem a seemly subject for judicial inquisition. The ludicrous result is that, for the first time in the history of law and morals, adultery is treated as a *geographical* offense: there is no crime unless the gentle passion combines with the wanderlust. A village Don Juan may misbehave with all the willing dames in his parish, and then scatter his seed in every other county in the State, with no other punishment than the remorse of contraband pleasure; but an occasional sinner who escorts a fair partner into a neighboring commonwealth with fornicative intent, is condemned to several years of sexless confinement.

II

Such is the federal definition of criminal impropriety that the guilt attaches to only one of the two equally unchaste performers. As

the United States Supreme Court held in the case of *Jack Gebardi*, (1932), "the Act does not punish the woman for transporting herself". It follows that a copulating Messalina may distribute her favors without moral or geographical stint. Regardless of the degree of her own aggression, the law will always treat her as the innocent victim of a male scoundrel; and her uncorroborated word is usually enough to send her partner to a penitentiary.

Thus in *The U.S. vs. Ghadiali*, (1927), a previously satisfactory employer was accused of having betrayed his secretary in a Pullman sleeper, by first putting her under a "mesmeric" trance. As the victim explained the phenomenon: "I felt a weak feeling, as if I had no control over my movements. I was under some kind of spell coming on the train." Her memory, however, was perfect enough for her to depose that there was "sexual intercourse twice between Chicago and Los Angeles, and once between Los Angeles and Portland". Ghadiali disclaimed both the wickedness and the supernatural powers. And it is certain that, for all courtroom purposes, the self-styled Trilby proved to be the better mesmerist of the twain. The incompetent Svengali was found

guilty as charged, and his penalty was fixed at five years in prison. It is probable that the claim of hypnotism enabled the girl to confess her unchastity without tarnishing her honor. But such proof was no necessary element of the man's crime. As the court observed, "the testimony of the girl, if believed, is sufficient to establish the sexual relation".

In fact, according to the moral subtleties of this absurd statute, as interpreted by the courts, a man may be imprisoned for inducing a woman to travel, even when he does not accompany her. Nick Cholakos had wired \$15 to enable his chambermaid to move from Covington, Kentucky, to his lodging house at Lorain, Ohio. After receiving the money, the girl stopped at Cleveland, and was there married to another man. But she finally reached Lorain, and proceeded to prove all the makings of a felony against her benefactor. At his trial, Nick pleaded that he had never entertained the vaguest abdominal plans toward the lady. But a gallant American jury promptly brought in a verdict of guilty, and the Appellate Court later pronounced it just and proper.

According to some decisions, a man may be punished for an infernal intention, without having

tasted its wicked delights. In *The U.S. vs. Athanasaw*, (1913), the transported one went no further than to say that the man had offered to sleep with her, but took her refusal philosophically. An "intent to debauch" was nevertheless inferred, on the theory that the girl had been induced into a condition "which would eventually, necessarily, and naturally lead to a course of immorality sexually". So that when the federal decisions are considered together with the State laws, the result is an extraordinary rule of behavior: assignation without transportation is an overlooked misdemeanor; but transportation without copulation is a felony!

A frequent motive for such prosecutions is to wreak vengeance for a disappointed matrimonial expectation. Thus in *The U.S. vs. Hart*, (1926), the parties had been intimate for fully three years; and their sexual misbehavior had been both sedentary and transportational. Yet the arrest and conviction of the offending male was not brought about until shortly after the third piece of ambulatory immorality, when Hart inconsiderately announced his intention to marry a less traveled lady. Not infrequently, the authorities themselves use the law as a sort of judicial shotgun against prolonged

and incontinent bachelorhood. Some years ago, when Francis De Silva, a university student, was arraigned for a violation of the Mann Act, Judge Charles C. Simons of Detroit gave him a choice between two years in jail and wedlock for life: "If you ever cast Margaret Bailey off after you are married, I will have you brought before me again, and you will be sentenced to Leavenworth prison."

III

That the Mann Act is frequently the basis of systematic shakedowns is a matter of general knowledge. In his dissenting opinion in the *Diggs-Caminetti* case, Mr. Justice McKenna of the Supreme Court said:

Blackmailers of both sexes have arisen, using the terrors of the construction now sanctioned by this Court as a help — indeed as a means — for their brigandage.

An Illinois lawyer informs me that some years ago, women of doubtful virtue were doing a thriving business by inducing unwary men to accompany them on overnight ferryboat excursions from Chicago to South Haven or St. Joe. Since such voyages involved the crossing of the State line in the middle of Lake Michigan, nothing

more was necessary to establish a penitentiary offense than the woman's willingness to confess a sexual favor voluntarily granted in transit. If the imprudent Casanova hesitated to save the name of his dubious parcel by taking her in the holy bonds of matrimony, she promised not to mention the subject again, in consideration of rich wallets delivered to her periodically. So that, by traveling widely and often, a law-minded damsel could eventually retire to a stationary and comfortable old age.

An equally clever racket is now carried on by female tramps and hitch-hikers. It involves the wearing of a torn dress which is hidden by a topcoat when the cutie thumbs a ride. As soon as the State line has been duly traversed, the transported one threatens to exhibit her tattered garments to the federal authorities as proof of a struggle for her virtue. The little farce frequently ends with the motoring Samaritan stepping on the gas, and the sweet passenger sprawling on the highway; but it is not seldom that legally protected innocence extracts enough cash to continue her journey in a Pullman.

Indeed, the racketeering motive sometimes appears from the cold record of litigated cases. In *The U.S. vs. Gillette*, (1916), "the girl

had been living the life of a prostitute for about two years". In reversing the conviction of her male fellow traveler, the Appellate Court referred to the evidence as a "mass of evasions and contradictions by a woman of confessed immoral character possessed of a motive of revenge". In *The U.S. vs. Roy Yoder*, (1935), the complaining witness was Sammy Young, a female, who met the defendant at his place of business, "and cultivated the acquaintance, although both were married." They drove around and talked, "and I told him I was not satisfied with my husband [who was] too old for me and everything". Illicit sexual relations were duly established "within a week or more". Some time later, Sammy took her cavalier servant, in her own automobile, from Shawnee to Chicago. As the Devil or Sammy would have it, there was immorality "at all stops".

At his trial, Roy did not very strongly deny having done something to supplement the shortcomings of an unsatisfactory husband. But he insisted that the trip itself was a straight business deal, whereby he was to receive \$5 a day for helping Sammy purchase a garage. The prisoner's father testified that the wronged woman and her aunt had demanded \$1700 from

him to call off the case, and a receipt signed by the aunt was shown to the jury. It was finally ruled that since the journey was for a lawful purpose, the immorality was too incidental to constitute a crime; but there was no legal way to compensate Roy for his worry, or the staggering expense of two trials.

In brief, it is difficult to see what salutary social end is served by making the national government a smut-seeking referee in the private sins of the citizenry. Even

assuming that every violator of the moral code ought to be stoned to death, the federal statute makes no attempt to mete out exact or universal justice. The equally culpable woman is not even reprimanded, and the offending male cannot be punished without a transportation. If the learned law-givers restricted the application of the Mann Act to the White Slaver, against whom it was originally intended, the social effect would be no worse than to deprive some women of a legal vehicle for coercion and blackmail.



PANORAMA

BY ELEANOR A. CHAFFEE

THOUGH a man pause here on this rise and say, "My blade
Harvested all these fields, and they are mine;
Those are my cattle resting in the shade,
The grapes now rounding in the sun for wine,
All are my own!" Yet as he speaks the word,
Under his feet he feels the ledge of stone
That his father's father stood upon, and heard
His syllables reaped by the tide of wind, and blown
Like chaff in the gale, scattered past recall.
He sees the oak scarred by its eighty years,
The gnarled boughs leaning on the sagging wall,
The leaves that drop like shamed, reluctant tears;
And something stops his speech and holds him still,
A lonely figure on a shadowed hill.

MR. SIMPSON UPSIDE DOWN

A Story

BY ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

MR. SIMPSON put on his leather coat and looked at himself in the mirror. It was good to have the old leather coat on again. It made him feel like himself, and the sensation was pleasant. He had felt very strange, not at all like himself, ever since he had been in Japan. Now for an instant a host of memories associated with the leather coat crowded his mind as he stood looking at himself in the glass. He was homesick. He was miserable. But almost before he had admitted this to himself, Mr. Simpson asked himself why he should be homesick, why he should be miserable. The world was all the same, he continued to himself in a philosophic tone, not waiting for himself to answer. Japan was no different from Wisconsin or any other place except that the people had yellow skins and spoke a different language. Purely superficial differences. He just hadn't had time to get acquainted, to acclimatize himself. That was it: acclimatize him-

self. Mr. Simpson repeated the word and liked it. *Acclimatize*. That was the secret. He murmured the word twice more as he got down his leather cap and his fur-lined gloves from the top of the clothes closet. And he felt better.

Mr. Simpson often charmed himself this way with words and phrases, sometimes with entire sentences. It was an interesting process. The word *acclimatize* to him did not mean "to habituate (animals, plants, oneself) to a new climate". It really did not mean anything very definite. It conveyed to his mind a vague image of a public speaker, sometimes his own image in the act of oration, sometimes an admired associate, sometimes an unknown but distinguished personage. Coupled with this was a shadowy vision of an open pasture, with a stream running through it, slumbering in a Summer sun. That was all. But this fascinated him and made him feel somehow secure.

Mr. Simpson's motorcycle with its side-car awaited him in the little street outside. In the side-car sat Mr. Fukushima, who also awaited Mr. Simpson. Mr. Fukushima was one of the Japanese salesmen who worked under Mr. Simpson at the American-owned advertising agency which was called the Rising Sun Advertising Agency. Mr. Fukushima considered Mr. Simpson a good fellow, a phrase with which he had become acquainted during a five-year stay in San Francisco, and which he employed to express his opinion in English of anybody who never had deliberately done him evil. But he was particularly fond of Mr. Simpson because Mr. Simpson treated him at times as an equal, and had had him to his house for foreign-style dinner on two occasions. Also, Mr. Simpson was in a position to give him a raise in salary which he had been trying without success to arrange with Mr. Simpson's predecessors for the past two years. In his turn, Mr. Simpson did not actively dislike Mr. Fukushima. He considered Mr. Fukushima the least mystifying, not to say the least dishonest, of his salesmen. He realized that he needed a man under him upon whom he could depend for confidential information concerning the rest of the staff. He

was comforted, without admitting it to himself, by the dog-like devotion which Mr. Fukushima consciously exhibited toward him. He believed that Mr. Fukushima appreciated the fact that he, P. J. Simpson, had been, as assistant advertising manager of the Ranger Motorcycle Sales Corporation, Milwaukee, Wis., a rather important figure—a delusion which Mr. Simpson had, with the almost innocent and surely pardonable weakness of travelers in strange lands, foisted with some success upon Tokyo and with complete success upon himself since his arrival five months before. Finally, he liked being called "Chief", a satisfaction, however, which was minimized by the fact that Mr. Fukushima's syllabic enunciation made him say "Cheifu".

II

Bouncing along the mountain road toward Hakone, Mr. Simpson was refreshed. One of the best pieces of copy he had written for his company in Milwaukee had insisted that cycle-riding (a phrase which he had always considered particularly apt) was far superior to horseback riding as a sport, and this he sincerely believed. He was glad he had accepted Mr. Fuku-

shima's suggestion that they spend a week-end in the country. They were to stay at a real Japanese inn, too, not at that expensive foreign-style hotel. Get out in the country, he told himself with vigor, that's the secret! That's the real Japan!

Mr. Simpson swerved his machine suddenly, barely missing a boy on a bicycle who, riding safely on the left-hand side of the road, and hearing the horn of the approaching motorcycle, had, on an obscure impulse, wheeled across to the right-hand side. Mr. Simpson cursed with surprising fury. Looking down sideways at his companion he spluttered: "They'll never learn! The god-damned monkeys!"

Mr. Fukushima started to grin. Mr. Fukushima always started to grin under such circumstances. "There's nothing funny about it!" Mr. Simpson shouted, whereupon Mr. Fukushima's face performed a disturbing gymnastic feat. His natural reaction to Mr. Simpson's rage was to grin still wider, not because he was amused, but because his face possessed only one expression—the grin. When it was not grinning the face may be said to have had no expression at all. But Mr. Fukushima knew that Mr. Simpson did not like to see a

grin when he was being angry, serious, or sad. Thus, when Mr. Simpson shouted at him, Mr. Fukushima's lips, which had begun to stretch into their accustomed oval, suddenly stopped short, quivered, twitched, and then crawled submissively back over his teeth. The feat always left Mr. Fukushima emotionally drained and with an uncomfortable sense of frustration. And yet the effort always went unrewarded and unappreciated, for the sight of this facial abortion was so horrid that it produced in Mr. Simpson a feeling of revulsion.

Mr. Simpson felt, as he drove his machine along, vaguely helpless and lonely. His leather coat repeatedly suggested nostalgic memories. Most of all, it brought back the boarding house in Milwaukee, the kindly old German lady who conducted it, the girls, ah, the girls! The whole period of his life in Milwaukee, which represented six of his thirty-seven years, seemed now to him to have been a period of perfect paradise. The vision of it which his mind had manufactured out of memory presented a sort of galaxy of good times, laughter, jollity, jokes, fine dinners, parties, glorious cycle-back excursions, and grateful girlish faces. He wondered vaguely what it

would be like to have a Japanese girl. He didn't know. Fellow's got to be damn careful. Get one on your hands you never get rid of her. Or, get a loose one and catch something terrible. He had dreamed of the famous Yoshiwara when he had accepted the offer to come to Japan, but had found it a dismal place full of listless women. Worse, even, than the tarts in America, and they were terrible. He'd never fooled around with them much at home, anyway. He'd never had to pay for it. Fellow's a fool . . . but out here it's different. No, not really different. It was just a matter of getting used to them. Learning the ropes. Some of these little kids were all right. Cute. But you had to be damn careful. Learn the ropes. . . .

Mr. Fukushima shifted his plump little body half around and shouted through the wind to Mr. Simpson: "We are very near now, Chiefu."

"Almost there, huh?" yelled Mr. Simpson in answer.

"Yes!" shouted Mr. Fukushima.

Mr. Simpson was conscious of a wonderful freshness in the air as the road climbed into the mountains, and of the power of his motorcycle under him. He felt pretty good.

"Better than a bicycle," he

shouted, chuckling gaily and slapping the gasoline tank.

Mr. Fukushima started to grin by way of showing Mr. Simpson that he agreed and that he felt gay too. Then he interrupted the grin. Then he remembered that it was permissible when brought into use to express gaiety, so with almost as much effort as it had required to stop the lips in their first flight he urged them apart again and, grinning, settled back in his seat with a little sigh.

III

All the little maids of the Hosenkaku Inn were atwitter with excitement when they saw the motorcycle come wheeling into the courtyard. Many foreigners they had seen, so they were not at all frightened, but few had they been able to observe at close quarters. And never, even at a distance, had they seen one so intriguingly clothed as was Mr. Simpson in his leather helmet, his leather coat, his whipcord breeches, and his elkskin cycle-riding boots. Like a football backfield, they squatted on the rice-straw floor of the entrance hall and eyed him expectantly. Mrs. Takamatsu, wife of the proprietor, kneeled at the sidelines, an imperturbable referee. Just before Mr.

Simpson reached the line at which the straw flooring commenced and beyond which only stocking feet were allowed, Miss Takata, an agile quarterback, shifted her position three feet forward, murmuring a polite "I beg your pardon" to her fellow players. This gave her a distinct advantage. When Mr. Simpson knelt down to unlace his boots, Miss Takata shuffled forward a few steps, her head low, and reached the goal first. With little birdlike cries, she bowed over Mr. Simpson's boots and began assisting him with them. It meant that it would be she who would wait upon Mr. Simpson as long as he stayed at the Inn; it would be she who would help him off with his clothes when he went to take his bath; she who would examine those strange clothes, peer into them, finger them; she who would enthrall the other girls, perhaps even the proprietress, with her descriptions of them, and of what the tall occupant of them said and did. Miss Takata uttered little birdlike cries.

Loaded down with Mr. Simpson's leather coat, his leather helmet, his gloves, his boots, and with Mr. Fukushima's hat and overcoat, Miss Takata turned toward the maidens who still squatted, rather disconsolately, behind her.

She shuffled past the two halfbacks who, like herself, were young and pretty, and laid Mr. Fukushima's hat and coat in the arms of Miss Mitsu, who was twenty-seven, who had unusually protuberant teeth and an unpleasant cough. Then, bowing and smiling, she led the way to a large room on the second floor which overlooked the lake beyond. Miss Mitsu followed, coughing a little between her teeth.

Mr. Simpson absently watched Miss Takata put his coat and helmet and gloves into the chest of drawers in the corner. She held up the coat; her eyes ran along its every seam, inside and out; she felt the outer surface and the linings; she peeked into the arm holes. How strange! How different! How amusing and exciting! Her face was wonderment, her face was reverence. She folded the coat, smoothing it out with her fluttering little hands and, on tip-toe, placed it gently in the topmost drawer. Likewise she fingered and folded the gloves, the helmet, and placed them in the second drawer. Mr. Simpson found himself watching her with interest. How carefully she handled his things, with what womanly . . . was it devotion? Mr. Simpson mouthed the word; and a scene in which a Turkish sultan, reclining on a

couch, was waited upon by lovely, awed little maidens, came responsibly to his mind.

Mr. Fukushima told Mr. Simpson that they must now have some tea and cakes and that afterwards they must go for a stroll around the lake to see the beautiful scenery. Mr. Simpson never ceased to be annoyed by Mr. Fukushima's use of the imperative; like most foreigners in Japan, he attributed the habit to a racial characteristic of self-assertiveness rather than to a scanty knowledge of English. But he felt so amiable now that he said, "Okay, Fukushima, old man", and nothing more.

Miss Takata came in with the tea and began arranging a little low table in the corner of the room. Following Mr. Fukushima's example, Mr. Simpson squatted down on the matting beside the table, sitting on his heels. Then he tried sitting tailor fashion. Finally, he sat on his right hip, stretching his legs across the floor and leaning on the edge of the table. He drank the green tea, which he did not like very much, and bit into a cake only to find that beneath its golden pastry was hidden a pink, pasty substance of the consistency of a cold Welsh rarebit and of a taste which suggested a dentist's office. He began to feel uncomfortably

large and clumsy lying there on the floor.

Miss Takata sat gracefully at the corner of the table and eyed Mr. Simpson with wonder. This did not diminish Mr. Simpson's discomfort. She pointed to him and babbled something to Mr. Fukushima.

"She says you are very tall," explained Mr. Fukushima. Mr. Simpson looked at Miss Takata and smiled foolishly. Miss Takata hid part of her face behind her kimono sleeve. Being almost never embarrassed, the young maidens of Japan have adopted this charming gesture to indicate that they are embarrassed. Mr. Simpson laughed archly. He felt tall but not clumsy any more, somehow.

During the stroll around the lake, Mr. Fukushima and Mr. Simpson were for a moment brought somewhat closer to one another — at least Mr. Simpson felt that this was so. He told Mr. Fukushima about the testing shop at "the plant" in Milwaukee. Warming to his subject, he had described the methods used in discovering the weak points in new model motorcycles, how they had machines which would "bust up a new job" in a half day. Carried away by his own enthusiasm, Mr. Simpson talked as he might have

talked in a Pullman smoker back home. He was conscious, as he finished, of something near to a brotherly feeling toward Mr. Fukushima.

"How much is population Milwaukee?" asked Mr. Fukushima.

But even this did not dissipate the momentary warmth in Mr. Simpson's heart. He answered gravely, and volunteered the number of automobiles and the municipal death-rate.

"How far Milwaukee from coast of sea?" asked Mr. Fukushima.

"Oh, about nine hundred miles," hazarded Mr. Simpson. They walked along together almost happily.

"Say," said Mr. Simpson after a while and in a confidential, man-to-man tone which threw Mr. Fukushima, instinctively, into a state of caution and reserve, "say, do the Japanese men fool around these maids at inns like this one—I'm interested to know. Do they fool around with these little girls?"

Mr. Fukushima felt a sudden release within himself. Motorcycles bewildered him, but this was something anybody could talk about without caution or reserve.

"Ah, so!" he exclaimed in a bantering tone, by way of breaking the ice. "You like Japanese girl, yes? You think very nice, no,

Chiefu?" He started to grin.

"Don't be ridiculous," barked Mr. Simpson, causing one of those ghastly efforts at lip control in the face of Mr. Fukushima. "I said nothing of the sort. I was interested in what sort of life they lead, that's all, just as I'm interested in other customs in Japan. I'm . . ."

"Very sorry," said Mr. Fukushima miserably. He was astonished and mystified by Mr. Simpson's words, but he was convinced by the tone that Mr. Simpson did not want to discuss girls, after all. Mr. Fukushima was really sorry. Mr. Fukushima had had it in the back of his head to ask Mr. Simpson about birth control after they had talked about girls for awhile. It was a problem which perplexed Mr. Fukushima, as it did most of his countrymen, not because of ignorance but because of the prevailing feeling that there must be some more satisfactory method than the ones officially introduced—some secret thing that the Western world had kept strictly to itself.

But Mr. Simpson did not want to discuss girls.

Mr. Simpson drank a good deal of *sake* that night at dinner, partly because he could not eat very much of the food and had to be doing something and partly because the

delicate, warm rice-brew produced in him a comfortable glow, much like the effect of beer. And Mr. Simpson did like his beer.

The dinner actually approached gaiety toward the end. The strained relations of Mr. Simpson and Mr. Fukushima had resumed an air of tolerant forbearance on both sides. Miss Takata sang a stanza and the chorus of *My Country, 'Tis of Thee*, which she had learned by heart, not knowing the meaning of more than a word or two. She sang it without expression, in a high little squeaky voice, and with but a semblance of the melody, but with a captivating charm. She sang it as a child sings it at the third-grade commencement exercises, and her charm was the charm of a child. She poured *sake* for Mr. Simpson with wonderful gravity, like a child pouring tea for dolls. When Mr. Simpson spilled a little on his clothes, she was meticulously attentive with a cloth. Several times she remarked on how tall Mr. Simpson was and added, Mr. Fukushima translated, that "this being so tall was very much all right". When Mr. Simpson smiled at her, she covered part of her face with her kimono sleeve to indicate that she was embarrassed. When she spied Mr. Simpson's lead pencil, a complex con-

traption with many compartments, gadgets, and such, she screamed with rapture and fingered it delightedly. His cigarette lighter, with a tiny watch set in its side, entranced her. Such wonderful toys!

After dinner, Mr. Simpson, who had balked at the Japanese custom of bathing immediately before eating, indicated that he would now take his bath and go to bed. Whereupon Miss Takata fluttered off to inform Mrs. Takamatsu that the honorable foreign curiosity wished to retire. The honorable strangeness was very tall and very jolly, Miss Takata added; he had shown her a watch which could take photographs like a camera and also he had shown her a golden pencil which could be used as a cigarette lighter. His clothes, she went on, were very amazing and were made of the skin of horses.

Mrs. Takamatsu said that this was very interesting and that, by the way, the hotel was not enjoying prosperity, and that while she was not certain, yet it might be necessary to reduce Miss Takata's wages for this one week from five yen to three yen. Repeating that this was not definite as yet but was a possibility, Mrs. Takamatsu said she felt that she should warn Miss Takata. She would be able to tell her defi-

nately in the morning, she concluded.

Miss Takata thanked Mrs. Takamatsu very much and said that while she realized that Mrs. Takamatsu was being her usual kind and thoughtful self and while she realized that in truth the hotel had not done excellent business that month, still she did hope that the decision would be in her favor because she was very much in need of a new sash for everyday wear and also a new dress kimono for special occasions, such as the reception of distinguished and wealthy foreign guests who drank much *sake* and paid prices considerably higher than the usual scale.

Mrs. Takamatsu said she appreciated Miss Takata's loyalty and she hoped that the measure to which she had referred would become unnecessary.

Miss Takata thanked Mrs. Takamatsu again. Both bowing, Mrs. Takamatsu four times and Miss Takata four and a half, they exchanged thanks twice more and then Miss Takata went upstairs to prepare the big room.

IV

Mr. Simpson awoke the next morning full of remorse. That is

to say, remorse filled him a few moments after his awakening. In the first few delicious instants of semi-consciousness, he felt at peace with himself and with the world, but this was because, half asleep like this, he was not himself and the world in which he drifted was not his world. After this he became conscious of the strangeness and the discomfort of the floor-bed on which he lay. Opening one eye, he glimpsed the paper walls and the straw floor of the room. He sighed. He had become conscious of the fact that he was in Japan. Then he sat up with a jerk and looked about him with both eyes.

There she lay, Miss Takata, graceful and prim. She was still sleeping. Mr. Simpson looked at her and the thing that crowded his mind was not her image but his own. He saw his huge, clumsy body, his paunch, his par-bald head; he was, for the first time, acutely aware of the peculiar shape his hips had assumed in the course of the last ten years. He felt old and gross. He felt sloppy. And then her image took possession, along with the furtive memories of the night.

She had probably been a virgin, he told himself. But was that why he felt so badly? It had been so easy. She was so innocent, yet so unafraid, so unresisting. She had

not seemed to realize what she was doing. And afterwards she had curled up with her head on that funny wooden pillow and gone immediately to sleep — like a child. Tears almost came to Mr. Simpson's eyes and a dull physical pain did come to his stomach. She was a child. Not a woman, not a girl — a child. He saw it all. These Japanese, we had to show them how to build railroads, how to drive automobiles, how to dress, how to get along in the world, just as children had to be shown by their elders. They didn't know anything. Children. And any dirty son-of-a-bitch who would. . . . Mr. Simpson looked again at the slumbering Miss Takata and he really felt very badly. He rose quietly and dressed hurriedly. He tip-toed out of the room and walked quickly to a bench beside the little lake. He wanted to think it all out. He would have to do something.

Mr. Simpson let his mind wander back over the events of the evening because this was the systematic way to go at a problem. His mind seemed pleased at the prospect. It was partly the liquor, he told himself steadily, but of course a man couldn't excuse himself that easily. There was her attitude, too, but that was merely proof of her innocence, her child-

like innocence. Mr. Simpson suddenly remembered that his mother had bathed him and his sister together when they were little. Innocence . . . he almost sobbed the word. The thought of his home, coming along with all this trouble, made him want to jump in the lake. He stood up and gazed at the water. It was quite shallow and goldfish were swimming in it. He sat down and thought about last night's bath. How she had insisted on helping him take his clothes off. And he letting her do it! How she held the bath kimono for him while he put it on. And in the bath. . . . Mr. Simpson tore his mind away from that bath with an effort. He had to do something. Marry her. He pictured a Japanese home, himself the master, living like that fellow O'Hearn or whatever his name was . . . a Japanese bath and everything. But no, that wouldn't do. East is East and West is West — in a way. Children half-caste Eurasians. No. Must do something for her. Fix it up — money. These Japs didn't have much money. Probably be better for her in the end. Give her — oh, fifty yen, a hundred yen. That would be a lot of money to a Jap — like giving an American a couple of thousand bucks. She could have things she never would have otherwise

and, of course, she would get over it in time.

Mr. Simpson uttered three words which perhaps summed up his feelings as adroitly as any words could. As they left his lips the pain left his stomach and a curious, not unpleasant tingling sensation took its place. Poor little kid. Poor little kid. But she would get over it in time.

Mr. Simpson was feeling a little better when Mr. Fukushima came scuttling up the path, his grin flashing with golden splendor in the bright sunlight. While performing his morning ablutions, Mr. Fukushima had been told by Miss Mitsu and later by Mrs. Takamatsu that his foreign friend had kept Miss Takata with him all night, and he was rather joyfully expectant. He hoped that Mr. Simpson would discuss girls now and perhaps birth control. He was not, however, going to repeat his mistake of the day before. He would let Mr. Simpson bring up the subject first.

"Ah, good morning, Chiefu!" called Mr. Fukushima heartily as he arrived, panting a little, beside the bench. "I hope you have enjoyed good night's sleep. Soon we must go to breakfast!"

Mr. Simpson's face immediately took on a paler hue at the mention

of breakfast — a Japanese breakfast. He was thinking fast. He needed someone to help him out of this mess. Who else but Fukushima? In who else could he confide? Who else, indeed, could do the translating that was necessary? He decided to get Fukushima to fix everything, and meet him later at the foreign-style hotel. He didn't want to see Miss Takata again; and, also, he didn't want to eat a Japanese breakfast.

"Listen, Fukushima," he began in the man-to-man tone which invariably threw the little fellow on his guard. "I — I seduced this poor little maid at the Inn last night — slept with her."

"Ah, so?"

Mr. Fukushima listened carefully while Mr. Simpson talked.

Mr. Simpson talked for some time. Then he took from his pocketbook two fifty-yen notes and handed them to Mr. Fukushima. "And say, Fukushima," he concluded, finally, "give her this, too — tell her it's for her to keep — a keepsake to remember me by." He took his pencil from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Fukushima. "She seemed to like it so much," he concluded haltingly.

They parted there on the garden path. Mr. Fukushima walked mincingly back toward the Inn and

Mr. Simpson walked hurriedly in the direction of the foreign-style hotel. But the gulf that lay between their thoughts was already insuperable.

V

Miss Takata awoke a half-hour after Mr. Simpson because she always awoke exactly seven hours after she had gone to sleep. Her awakening was a systematized operation. While she was still half asleep, her hand slid into her kimono sleeve and pulled out a piece of tissue paper, a supply of which was always there, carried it to her nose and held it while her nose blew three sharp gusts. Then her hand tucked the paper in her other sleeve, which served as a sort of receptacle. Then her eyes opened. For just a moment she lay quite still, staring at nothing, serene, composed; and then she drew up her knees, laid back the cover, and slid out of bed. On her way to the washroom she stopped and looked into a room marked "W.C." to see if Mr. Simpson was there and, if he was, to see whether he wanted anything. He was not, so she went and washed her own face and brushed her teeth. Then she selected one of the bamboo toothbrushes which may be used

once and thrown away by transients and this she took, with her own toothpaste and a towel, back to the room on the second floor and left them there for Mr. Simpson. Then Miss Takata sought out Miss Mitsu and told her to tell Mr. Fukushima that Mr. Simpson was not in the hotel and was perhaps walking in the garden by the lake. Breakfast would soon be ready and Mr. Fukushima might wish to go and find Mr. Simpson and tell him this and to escort him back to the Inn. Miss Mitsu inquired if Miss Takata had had a pleasant sleep. Miss Takata replied that she had had a very pleasant sleep and repeated to Miss Mitsu what she had told Mrs. Takamatsu regarding the wonderful treasures, the pencil and the cigarette lighter, which the honorable foreigner had shown her, and added also that the honorable strangeness had white skin all over and was very tall and very dignified. She described in more detail than before Mr. Simpson's clothes, adding that the boots, the coat, and the gloves were made of the skin of elephants from Africa. Then Miss Takata returned to the room and commenced to put it in order.

Mr. Fukushima came puffing up from the garden and sat himself down comfortably at the breakfast

table Miss Takata had arranged, and Miss Takata asked him if he would have some tea. Mr. Fukushima said he would, and she asked him if he had seen the honorable foreigner this morning and would the honorable foreigner soon come in for breakfast. Mr. Fukushima said that the honorable foreigner had just received word that an important millionaire acquaintance was staying at the foreign-style hotel nearby and that he had gone there to join the millionaire at breakfast where they would talk of pressing business affairs that had to do with his (Mr. Fukushima's) company in Tokyo. Miss Takata gave evidence of being suitably impressed. When she had brought the tea, she said to Mr. Fukushima that it was a very beautiful morning, and he said that he doubted whether the day would be beautiful for he could see clouds over there in the northern sky (he pointed) which indicated that it might be raining in the afternoon, thus making the day unbeautiful. Miss Takata laughed at her own foolishness and told Mr. Fukushima he was indeed an extraordinarily clever gentleman, while on the other hand she was just a simple girl who chattered too much. They both laughed politely and Mr. Fukushima drank some tea,

sipping it in noisome gurgles, while Miss Takata went to get breakfast. During breakfast they discussed the latest motion pictures, the "tokees", and the modern Japanese drama. Miss Takata admired Mr. Fukushima's cleverness, giggled, and called his attention to her lack of intellect, thus emulating the most witty and intelligent of the *geisha* girls of Tokyo. A pleasant half-hour thus slipped by.

The honorable foreign gentleman, announced Mr. Fukushima at length, had asked him to leave with the maiden who had served him *sake* the night before a generous gratuity and also this marvelous pencil. Gravely he took from his pocket a five-yen bill and the pencil and wrapped them in a paper napkin. He laid the packet down on the table near the sleeve of Miss Takata's kimono. Miss Takata uttered little sounds of pleasure, bowed three times, expressed extravagant thanks, and placed the packet in the fold of her kimono. And now, Mr. Fukushima continued, if the estimable proprietress could be summoned and the accounting of the charges for the rooms and the meals and the *sake* could be brought within a short time, it would please him greatly in view of the fact that the honorable foreigner and the honor-

able millionaire were expecting him at the foreign-style hotel to take part in the important business conference. Miss Takata said this would be done immediately and, with another little bow and another little shower of thankful words, she left the room.

She returned almost immediately, followed by Mrs. Takamatsu and Miss Mitsu and all three ladies squatted respectfully before Mr. Fukushima. Mrs. Takamatsu made a long and excessively polite address which was concluded by the presentation of the bill. Ordinarily Mr. Fukushima would have examined this document closely and would perhaps have questioned this item and shaved that one down a little. But he felt above such thrifty practices on this occasion and he merely glanced at it negligently and uttered a single "Sah!" as though to say: "What a great bother these details are to a busy man of industry such as myself — I, who am, in a short while, to join my intimate friend and his great millionaire acquaintance at the foreign-style hotel for a business conference of world-shaking importance!" And, as though he had said as much, the three respectful females uttered sympathetic murmurs and bobbed their heads — not, however, taking their eyes

off Mr. Fukushima as he drew what appeared to be two fifty-yen notes from his vest pocket. Mr. Fukushima placed one of the notes on the table, returned the other to his vest pocket, and announced that fifteen yen out of the change due after the deduction of the total amount of the bill might be retained by the efficient proprietress as the contribution of himself and the honorable foreigner toward the cost the Inn had incurred in serving them tea. Mr. Fukushima gulped as he said this for he had intended to give only five yen as "tea money" and he was somewhat aghast at the reckless manner in which he was throwing away money. But the effusive thanks of Mrs. Takamatsu dissolved his regrets. And had they not, the awed murmurs of Miss Mitsu, who realized that at least one of those fifteen yen would be hers, and the flattering glances of Miss Takata, who realized that with this generous tip the possibility of a reduction in her wages for the week was entirely removed — surely this double display of gratitude would have melted Mr. Fukushima's misgivings.

VI

Little was said, but a great deal was thought, on the ride back to Tokyo.

Mr. Fukushima's thoughts, which since the interview in the garden had been winging their way in circuitous and twisting flights, yet which, like a flock of buzzards, had been centered all the while on one particular thing, finally rested when Mr. Simpson said the little that was said.

Leaning over so that his voice would not be carried away in the wind, Mr. Simpson had said: "Well, Fukushima, I'm mighty glad you fixed everything up and I don't mind telling you I'm very grateful. You're sure a hundred yen was enough, are you? All right, but listen—I don't want you ever to tell a single soul about this. May seem funny to you, but never mind—just keep it to yourself. Just forget it, that's all."

Mr. Fukushima shouted, "Yes, Chiefu, I know," and settled back in his seat with a little sigh, feeling his thoughts settle comfortably as he did so. He would wait a week, he told himself, and then he would ask Mr. Simpson for that raise.

But the thoughts of Mr. Simpson did not settle. They darted this way and that in futile, frantic gyrations, and it seemed to him that they never would come to rest. One moment he called himself a fool, an utter, senseless fool. The next

moment he called himself a brutish cad. He could reconcile none of his thoughts or feelings with experience or knowledge gained in the world of his past. He was adrift, he felt vaguely, without precedent or convention to guide him. Upside down, he mused, visualizing uncomfortably the earthly globe, with the United States on one side and Japan on the other. The single clear idea that arose from the turmoil of his spirit was that he must keep close to things that he knew. As he drove his cycle along at a speed faster than was his custom, he pictured himself at the bar of the American Club in Tokyo, shaking dice for drinks with a group of exiled compatriots. He wondered if they couldn't get up a weekly poker game—just five or six Americans. Sure, he could get Williams, the Socony man, and Josephson, from General Motors, and Matthews, the fellow who imported Ranger bicycles, and a couple of others. He'd put it up to them tonight. And another thing—the fast boats only take eight days now. Ten days away from Milwaukee, that was all. By God, he would do it—he would subscribe to the Milwaukee *Journal* right away, the good old Milwaukee *Journal*.

WANTED: MORE NEUROTICS

BY LOUIS E. BISCH

IN ANY normal, gregarious society, the man who stands apart by virtue of superior birth, breeding, or environment is likely to be regarded with public misgivings. If, in addition to possessing some of the attributes of a superior being, he possesses as well the characteristics of a neurotic, his position in society is just so much more precarious. This is an unfortunate state of affairs. It is unfortunate because the world is populated mostly by normal people; hence the neurotic — that specific type of individual of either sex who fails to fit into what is nowadays called reality — must suffer a variety of subtle but exquisite tortures for the duration of his natural life.

Such a person does not conform to the everyday rules of conduct because he is above the average, because he was born with inherent potentials of high value, and because he thus contains a turbulent emotional set-up that is unable to express itself in terms of a common denominator. This energizing force that cannot release itself

stays within; it simmers and seethes there, and sometimes it explodes. Such explosions, caused by the inability to project a heightened and unstable emotionalism, produce the symptoms of neurosis, whether they be self-consciousness, convictions of inferiority, defense mechanisms, and a host of other mental disturbances, or, in the physical sphere, headaches, palpitation of the heart, digestive ailments, or paralysis and blindness.

Recognizing that his own mental processes are intrinsically different from the majority, the neurotic harasses himself to the point of torture by needless worries and phobias. He continually strives to force himself to think, feel, and act like the masses of normal people around him. But that is his great mistake. What he should do is recognize without delay that he is superior, mentally and emotionally, to the average individual; that the masses are made of clay, and pretty poor clay at that; and that any attempt to imitate their living

and mental processes is certain to lead to disaster.

In other words, the neurotic should adapt himself to that superior station of life to which he was born. But, by and large, he does not do so. He is too introverted, too self-contained, too self-centered. He refuses to identify his instinctive demands because his childhood training has forced him to identify them as wicked. That is to say, he has repressed his primitive animal desires; and for so many years that he no longer consciously realizes that they exist, and that they are as much a part of him as the color of his eyes, the shape of his head, and the contours of his body. It is this inward struggle in the deepest corridors of the mind that produces the emotional maladjustments, the complexes, the root causes of all the neurotic's symptoms. What is more, such reactions are inevitably established when the individual is young, impressionable, and undeveloped.

Thus, although neurotics are generally misunderstood by normal people, they understand themselves least of all. What they should do is recognize their repressed instinctive urges, correct their false ideas, release an excess of energy, and direct it in a purposeful way. Then, only in severe cases

would the services of a psychiatrist be needed, for the momentum created by a restraint so long endured would carry them beyond ordinary achievement. Indeed, Jung has said that all neurotics possess the elements of genius.

To sum up, the major reason why neurotics suffer even more than their symptoms is that they are forever wanting to be like the so-called normals all around them, who they believe are getting along in the world and "making the grade". Let us, then, consider the nature of these normals. What does it mean not to be repressed, not to possess excessive emotion, not to have grown to maturity with a feeling of guilt?

II

A survey of the American people conducted by R. L. Duffus, which appeared in the *New York Times*, contained the following:

Mr. Average is a person who is married; has two and three-tenths children; commands an income of about \$1200 a year; owns and drives, on behalf of his family, about five-sixths of a motor vehicle; has eight-fifteenths of a radio set; goes to a motion-picture theater every eight or nine days; smokes two and a half cigarettes a day (or ten cigarettes if he can keep them away from his wife and children); and, if he is over the age of thirteen,

has half a membership in some religious denomination. . . . We might find the average man reading a newspaper, for the nation's circulations are large enough to give every family one and a fraction copies every day. But he and his average family would buy a book only once in two years and draw a book from a public library no oftener. He is not a learned man. What average man ever is? Probably, however, he is better informed than any other average man in any country in the world or at any period in history. At least he knows current catch-words. . . .

Let us note in these remarks the emphasis upon physical comforts — automobiles, radio sets, movies, and cigarettes. Nothing is said about honesty, honor, charity, justice, love, aesthetic sense, or kindness to animals. We must credit Mr. Average, however, with carrying "half a membership in some religious denomination". Does this mean that his spiritual urge is strong? Considering the materialism rampant today, it is absurd to mention the possibility. As for being better informed than any other average man in any other country, what, may I ask, is he informed about? Very little beyond the balderdash that appears in the daily press under the label of "current events". He is conversant with precious few books, although "at least he knows current catch-words". Yet note the conversation

of the average man, or the average woman for that matter, and observe how elegant and virile are the catch-words. "Oh, yeah?" is the favorite, with "You're telling me" and "So what?" close behind.

Aside from ignorance of, and downright laziness in the use of, the English language, Mr. Average rarely knows his own job thoroughly, whether he be grocer, salesman, or plumber. If he happens to be expert in his work, he attempts to take advantage of you when you hire him, delivers inferior material or workmanship not bargained for, loafes on the job, and deceives you in so many ways that in the end you are sorry you ever undertook the deal. If this appears to be an exaggeration, watch closely what happens when next you send your automobile to the repair shop, place an order with a department store, or have your radio tubes tested. Or, better still, observe a group of WPA workers snoozing on their shovels. . . .

Little has been said so far about Mrs. Average, except the intimation that she might steal her husband's cigarettes. Now I wish I could depict the normal and average female as a nobler specimen of humanity, but it is impossible. As a rule, she has a keen eye for a solvent suitor, shows virtually no

interest in her job (if she has one) beyond the weekly pay check, is conceited when pretty and attempts to capitalize upon it, becomes overbearing and snobbish when a man is in the offing, lords it over her friends when she marries, is gossipy and catty, reverses herself, lies outrageously when cornered, spends her time talking about men and clothes, welcomes all the flattering rubbish the opposite sex bestows upon her, often behaves shockingly in public, is definitely trivialized, knows little of cooking and sewing, and rears her children abominably. As for her knowledge of sex and love, two phases of life in which one might expect her to reveal superiority, the divorce courts tell the story.

The early childhood training and education of the average person is designed to make him harmonize with reality as it is, to make him normal. In doing so, the individuality is crushed; virile traits are repressed; inherent capacities are either throttled or else formalized until the person emerges from childhood a standardized, average, and therefore mediocre product.

Does anyone for a moment suppose that we Americans would be so clever at fashioning standardized products (furniture, auto-

mobiles, radios, clothes, shoes, breakfast foods, and whatnot) if our minds—the non-neurotic, average, majority minds—were not gaited in that manner to begin with? I do not think so. Hence, is it reasonable to assert that a chair, a pair of shoes, a suit of clothes, or a dress fashioned by hand, with the mark of the honest craftsman stamped upon it, is no better than the millions of such articles turned out each year by machinery? That modern college systems, by which thousands of adolescents receive degrees, do not produce far too many educated incompetents with mental indigestion? That fitting a child to a mass-conditioned curriculum instead of a curriculum to the special requirements of the child does not crush embryo abilities?

III

In rebuttal, the normals claim that the neurotics are queer, even a bit cracked. But it is these same normals who turn to golf for exercise and recreation, play thirty-six holes in an afternoon, and wager on the game. They take an ocean cruise to procure a much-needed rest, then flirt, dance, and guzzle during the entire voyage. They wear furs and felt hats in summer,

silks and straw hats in winter. They build hotel roofs to represent ocean liners, and remodel liners to resemble hotels. They send missionaries to pagan lands to persuade contented savages to swap loin cloths for trousers, while at home there are thousands of American citizens who would give anything for a new pair of pants.

Furthermore, the normals criticize the neurotics for being too emotional. That is to say, it is *normal* to be forever seeking excitement and new thrills, to arouse desire by reading pornographic literature, to tell smutty jokes, to get cock-eyed at parties and stimulate the sex appetite, to chase an ambulance or a fire engine, to gloat over bankruptcies, to keep up with the Joneses, to become aroused over a rape case, an electrocution, or a wrestling match. Indeed, these supposedly superior normals do not even co-operate when a campaign is launched for their own good, such as one to immunize children against diphtheria, or to maintain sanitary barber shops, or to reduce motor fatalities, or to preserve the nation's natural resources.

I realize full well how heavy the burden of neurosis can be, how utterly devastating when it grips the victim firmly. But remember that nothing in life is acquired for

nothing. If your possessions are better than your neighbor's, you have paid for them. When your superiority concerns your mind and your emotions, you also have paid. The particular type of neurosis with which the neurotic pays does not matter.

Many men and women are more or less sensitive, self-conscious, given to self-deprecation and convictions of guilt and inferiority. Others are depressed or anxious, lack courage and ambition, sleep poorly, are unable to concentrate, and so forth. These are neurotics. When, however, individuals are obsessed with fears (of closed places, high places, open spaces, dirt, sexual incompetence, homosexuality, etc.), or compulsions assail them so that they must dress and undress a certain number of times before feeling satisfied, or they consider themselves mediums of disease infection, or they cannot escape the thought of committing suicide, or they believe they are going insane, or their repressions have been converted into physical symptoms — well, such persons are definitely ill with a full-fledged neurosis.

In former days, nerve specialists divided all neurotic states into five groups. These were neurasthenia, psychasthenia, compulsion neuro-

sis, anxiety neurosis, and hysteria. The patient diagnosed as a neurasthenic was one who possessed neurotic symptoms as mentioned above, but in whom extreme fatigue was manifest after a slight bodily effort. The patient with psychasthenia was the neurotic in whom mental exhaustion predominated over all other manifestations. A compulsion neurosis patient was one who had almost irresistible impulses to do ridiculous things; for instance, jumping up to touch electric light fixtures or washing his hands over and over again. A person with an anxiety neurosis was obsessed with the idea that some disaster would surely visit him, although he knew not what. Lastly, the hysteria cases included all neurotics who possessed physical symptoms that had no organic basis.

But it should be emphasized that all neurotic symptoms of whatever kind, mental or physical, are purely functional in character. That is, there are no changes in the tissues of the organs affected. The organic, physical structure of

the neurotic is sound. It is the functioning of the organ that is wrong and this is due to conflicts, repressions, and other maladjustments in the emotionalized thought-processes of the unconscious mind.

If the neurotic as well as the individual suffering from a severe neurosis would only realize that he is not an outcast, that actually he is superior to the normals whom he would imitate, that there lies within him the power to be happy, successful, even to accomplish the unusual, then he would lead a happier life. In the last analysis, it is his very decency, his cultural attainments, his desire to do the right thing and live the perfect life, that have made him what he is.

As Dr. Joseph Collins, speaking at the New York Neurological Institute, said so pertinently:

Submit to being called a neurotic, for then you belong to that splendid and pitiable family which is the salt of the earth. All the greatest things we know have come from neurotics.

This world of ours does not need more normals. What it sorely needs is more neurotics.



SOVIET RUSSIA GOES ON SALE

BY LAWRENCE DENNIS

DICTATOR Joseph Stalin, at home the world's most arbitrary despot and abroad its most insinuating altruist, is today pushing the most effective sales campaign of modern times — selling Soviet Russia to the Liberal democracies as a necessary diplomatic and military ally against the Fascist powers. Current Russian diplomacy, in every critical international situation, exemplifies this spirit of Soviet high pressure salesmanship. And not the least important feature of the campaign takes the form of annually putting some 25,000 foreign tourists through one to five weeks' intensive sightseeing in the USSR.

Probably two-thirds of these herded tourists are, even before going to Moscow, sold already on the Soviet system, if not on complete Communism for their own countries. Few, even of the anti-Communist visitors, of whom I was one last Summer, leave Russia without the following definite impressions: first, that the Soviet regime is not doomed to early collapse, as for-

merly predicted so confidently by foreign critics; and second, that Russia, though not developing a high standard of living for its own people, is making rapid progress toward becoming a mighty military power.

The sale of Russia as a wartime ally for the Liberal democracies is deemed by the Soviet leaders more vital to their survival than the sale of Russian exports to foreign markets or of Communism to parlor Pinks. Stalin realizes that his chief problem is to persuade those professionally opposed to war, Fascism, and anti-Semitism that their natural ally is Russia. It is a triumph of propaganda that the nation with the largest army in the world, and the fastest rate of population increase, should succeed in convincing so many people in the Liberal countries that it is the outstanding champion of Peace. Yet if England, with the world's largest navy, the longest list of conquests — and, needless to say, the aid of the Almighty — has heretofore got away with posing as the world's

greatest influence for Peace, why shouldn't the Russians now do the same — even without the Al-mighty?

What mostly facilitates the sale of the USSR as a diplomatic and military ally, especially to the traveler in Russia or the reader of descriptive Soviet literature, is the fact that for most people it is easier to appreciate the concrete achievements of Communist Russia than to grasp the abstract ideas and purposes of Communism. The USSR can now be visited in comparative comfort by the superficial tourist; but Communism as a world force in militant action can only be understood by the serious student of pedantic Marxist writings and the devious present day moves of Soviet foreign policy. For ready understanding by most Anglo-Saxons and even by many unrealistic French Liberals, the abstract scheme of ideas and purposes which makes up Communism is, at once, too coldly logical and too brutal. Yet practically every important act or policy of Soviet Russia is as simple and obvious as two and two make four. The central idea of Communism is the destruction of capitalism and those who defend the private ownership of production. The world cannot be made safe for Communism until all such

persons have been killed, just as so many millions of them have already been killed in Russia and just as so many thousands have been killed this year by Communists in Spain. The obvious and logical aim of Soviet Russia is to build a strong military and economic machine to wage this world war on capitalism, when and if suitable opportunities arise. Meanwhile, it is necessary to do everything possible to create such opportunities.

Contrary to the idea of most Pinks visiting Russia, the Soviet leaders are not trying to raise the standard of living of their people as much as they can with available resources. And, contrary to the notion of most anti-Communists, Russia is not trying to inaugurate perfect Communism as quickly as possible. The leaders, quite consistently with the imperatives of their logical system, are striving to build a powerful, economically self-contained State-capitalism and the world's strongest fighting machine. Communism is first a war and second a paradise for the workers — if, when, and as the war is won. Russia, therefore, is preparing for war, and not for the Millennium which is supposed to follow the world-wide triumph of Communism.

II

Traveling in England and France last Summer, I found Liberals and Conservatives in both countries inclined to regard Russia as a desirable ally for the maintenance of a balance of power in Europe, and for checking Germany and Italy. Their view of Communism as a feature of the Russian State might be compared to that of a businessman who held that it was none of his concern that his partner kept a mistress, provided no attempt was made to introduce her where she was not wanted. The weakness of this view, of course, inheres in the fact that the Russian State and the Communist war on capitalism are inseparable, and that wherever the Russian State obtains a foothold, it must pave the way for Communism.

But to the average tourist in Russia, the Communists are just folks, following certain queer social theories which he does not take the trouble to understand, yet folks, who, in spite of these strange theories, are achieving what Americans so admire, namely, quantity production. Personal contacts between tourists and their guides in Russia are likely to be uniformly pleasant. During my stay there I observed nothing but courtesy, frankness, and even friendliness on

the part of the Russian personnel assigned to looking after tourists. Their tact with ill-mannered visitors whose chief grievance was that Russia lacked facilities found in other countries, was admirable. While I was highly pleased that I had a room and bath in Leningrad and Moscow hotels, most Americans were complaining because the water was not always hot. I attributed the courtesy of the Russian personnel, however, more to the discipline of the Authoritarian State than to the angelic qualities of Russian character. It was evident that instructions had gone forth, in Russia as in Berlin during the Olympics, that *The Visitor Is Always Right*.

When, everywhere outside of Moscow, and often in Moscow itself, I saw pinched, undernourished, and tired faces; observed two and three families living in as many rooms; and watched men and women working at midnight under arc lights to build a new and perfectly straight military highway to the Polish frontier, I realized that the Soviet leaders were realists. When a not unattractive young woman guide, whose shabby clothes lacked even the saving merit of being clean, told me that "We have good pay and everything we need", I admired her

loyalty to the Communist cause in its war preparations. But when some American Pink, drawing a comfortable salary from the American school system and enjoying amenities which the Russian masses cannot possibly hope to attain for fifty years, if ever, tells me similar lies about living standards and welfare in the USSR, I find it hard to control my temper. Lies to be respectable must be uttered in the accents of religious fanaticism and patriotic sincerity.

There is no doubt that the Communist leaders believe that the only way to aid the worker is first to build a strong Socialist State which can help win the war against all the ruling classes of the world. I respect this religious belief and admire the unselfish pursuit of its ideals. But I insist that anyone who is not conscientiously living up to this particular religious fanaticism must, in discussing the subject with me, recognize the following to be open questions: Can the model Socialist State, in which to each will be given according to his needs, instead of according to the marginal utility value of his labor, ever be realized? Certainly there is no ground for saying that such a State is being built as long as it remains unproved that such a State can be built. The second question, equally

unanswerable on the basis of experience or observation, is: If such a State were created and made to operate successfully, would the worker be any happier, any less exploited by his masters, or in any real sense the member of a classless society? To say that ideal Communism *is* being built, when only an attempt is being made to create an economically self-sufficient and strong military power with a view to fighting a world war against the foes of Communism, may be good propaganda: but it should prove unconvincing to the unconverted.

Of course, a great deal is being done in Russia for the worker and for general welfare. But far more is being accomplished toward this end in capitalist and Fascist countries. Under Communism and Fascism, the dictators' efforts to create a strong, military, self-contained State have the enthusiastic approval of the workers, who, by means of scientific propaganda, are made to put the interests of the national group ahead of personal self-interest. All this I admire, but I find it and admire it quite as much in Fascist Italy or Nazi Germany as in Communist Russia. When I told Pink tourists, gushing over elementary social welfare service in Russia, that I had visited similar plants in Italy and Germany,

which, on the whole, were better equipped and better operated, some, who admitted that they had not been in these Fascist countries, denied the truthfulness of my observations. Others merely said that it could not be worker welfare if done by the capitalists or Fascists. For the Pinks of all shades, such questions are settled by definition; so that it is impossible to talk intelligently with them unless one accepts the premises and definitions which make their conclusions inevitable. If half the Spanish people make war on the other half, one is asked to believe that it is a fight between the Workers and their Exploiters, together with the mercenaries of the Exploiters. If, driving all over Italy and Germany, one witnesses a hundred times a day individual and mass demonstrations of loyalty to the existing régime, one is asked to believe that these régimes are imposed on unwilling workers by a minority of capitalists. And so on. It is impossible, I think, for any open-minded observer, whatever his dislike of Communism, Fascism, or Nazism, not to conclude from a journey through these three countries that each is doing as much for worker welfare as seems consistent with meeting the demands of national defense, and that the workers col-

lectively approve of the larger national policies being followed.

III

The anti-Communist tourists are quite as muddled as to the nature of Soviet objectives as are most of the Pinks. Some of the antis, naïve enough to suppose that the Soviet leaders are trying to operate Communism, imagine they have made an important discovery when they learn that salaries and living conditions in the USSR are grossly unequal. It is almost as difficult, however, to find out how much a high official is receiving in Russia as it is in American corporations or city politics. One is usually told that maximum salaries do not exceed 3000 roubles a month. I have been reliably informed, but could not prove, that some salaries run as high as 30,000 roubles a month. Nevertheless, I do have names and facts in the case of a Soviet official who bought from a foreign official a second-hand Cadillac for his personal use, paying some 70,000 roubles. Obviously a person does not spend three years' income on an automobile. Furthermore, I had an opportunity to see what few tourists ever see—the princely estate, some fifteen miles from Moscow, where Stalin spends

much of his time. The side roads leading to the walls of this park, with its private gardens and royal stables full of riding horses, are closed to ordinary traffic, being guarded every few hundred yards by uniformed policemen. And this mansion is only one of many reserved for the *Führer's* private use. The other higher-ups have similar elaborate estates in the country. And the officers' clubs everywhere are magnificent buildings supplied with the best obtainable of everything. For instance, the choice cuts of meat are reserved for important officials and army officers, leaving only the poorer cuts for the public.

I do not criticize these inequalities or the favoring of the army officers and executive elite. On the contrary, I find it both logical and inevitable. But these facts do prove the wide divergence between Communism as an ideal yet to be realized, and the methods employed to obtain the ideal. I do not criticize Communist propaganda for being false and deceptive, for that would merely be criticizing it for being good propaganda. What I criticize is the inability or refusal of foreign observers to discern so many blinding flashes of the obvious.

As I was being shown through the anti-religious museum in Moscow by a devout female Commu-

nist guide, who tried to demonstrate to me by means of earnest words and the crude tableaux on the walls that there was neither a God nor a hereafter, and that these quaint notions had been invented by the capitalists to exploit the workers, I could not help realizing how perfectly the Soviet leaders have imitated the technique of the priests. Yet on the whole, I think the promises of the priests of the old religion were rather more satisfying. For the Christian spellbinders assured all the faithful an eternity in Paradise after a life of unrequited toil and misery; whereas the new priests promise them only a future paradise on earth which no rational Communist can expect to live to see realized. Like all good leaders of the past, Stalin gives his followers plenty of work and a mystic purpose in life, the essentials both of Communism and Fascism. Liberalism is breaking down because it does not provide these essentials.

The dictatorship of the proletariat is as much a myth as any of the well-known mysteries of other great religions. The best proof that it is a scientifically conceived mystery is that practically none of the tourists ever questions it. It is taken for granted quite as much as the existence of God is taken for

granted by most people in Christian countries. But work and the technique of a good mysticism should not be thought of as ultimate values to be observed and compared. They are like food, clothes, and shelter. One should insist on appraising Soviet values which are actual or in course of actual realization, not values which are supposed to be realized in the sweet by-and-by. We can, for example, observe and appraise the values of feminism. We can see whether we like the type of woman and home life which the Marxist realization of feminist ideals is actually developing. We do not need to go to Russia to learn how to get the largest output from female labor or how to provide social or technical services for peculiarly female needs. When I say "we" in this connection, I most certainly include women. After all, it is they rather than the men who should have most to say as to whether they want the traditional career of wife, mother, and home-builder; or whether, in a Brave New World, they want to be simple co-workers with men, with occasional time out for reproduction and lactation.

In this connection, I should like to have more facts than I can possibly obtain about the private fam-

ily and love-life of the Communist leaders. I have heard things which lead me to suspect that the wives of the higher-ups lead rather bourgeois, domestic existences. I have heard that some of the leaders at the very top have mistresses who do not spend their days sweeping the streets, digging ditches, or turning lathes, as I saw thousands of women doing in Russia, but rather in ways that women of all ages have followed in order to enhance their charms and power over men. But how is one to get any insight into such conditions in a country in which all novels and plays are merely censored Alger success stories, in which an official of the OGPU takes the place of the Rover boy who marries the Boss's daughter and subsequently grows richer and richer? How is one to find out anything of social importance in a country whose literature consists only of statistics and propaganda, and whose leaders live in Oriental seclusion, surrounded by secret police and yes-men?

Of course, the poor in Russia, as everywhere else, have so much in common with goldfish that one can discover without much difficulty just how they live. The masses live very much in the streets and their children in the institutional care of the State, for congestion in housing

and conditions in the newer units are such that the poor have no homes, but only sleeping places. In this matter of housing, one has another excellent field in which to observe the development of new values; for houses, after all, are extremely visible affairs. There is an acute housing shortage in the Soviet cities, the meeting of which puts a heavy strain on the productive capacity of a country feverishly preparing for war. This congestion, of course, is chiefly the result of the Russian agricultural policy and not of the natural increase in population. Millions of people have gone to the cities because the danger of starving to death there in periods of famine is not so great as in the country where farm collectivization has abolished surpluses.

The housing shortage is calling forth the feverish construction of apartments and blocks of workers' dwellings of very inferior quality. The units differ from military barracks chiefly in two respects: they are less neatly kept, and men and women live together in them. Home-cooking is the exception and mass feeding in stations the rule. Children are institutionalized most of the time while their parents are working, resting, or playing. Life in these huge barracks is probably not unpleasing to most of the in-

mates who, by means of scientific propaganda, are made to feel that it is all very noble. The same technique makes valuable soldiers and keeps the ranks of the Foreign Legions of France and Spain filled with splendid fighting men.

IV

A last group of Russian values which I will mention only briefly centers around the mystical glorification of that legendary person, The Worker, and the myth of a classless society. Nothing is more interesting to observe in the USSR than the rise of a new set of class distinctions and a new class snobishness. There are, obviously, the hierarchical distinctions, the Russian army having ranks as high as field marshal. Then there are the four techniques being used to manage labor or the masses. The first is the Stakhanovite speed-up idea in industry, the essence of which is driving all workers to excessive effort and conferring on the naturally quick and gifted certain rewards, one of which consists of giving the exceptional worker a button and putting him in a class by himself. It will only be a matter of time, I suppose, until there will be four or five grades of the Order of the Stakhanovite, corresponding

to the orders of the British peerage or the French Legion of Honor. Of course, nothing could be more successful in building a strong economic State and nothing could be more contrary to the ideal of a classless society.

The second technique is the specialist idea, which consists simply of labeling as specialized functions a very large number of skilled trades. Even typists are called specialists. One who can spell, I dare say, will soon be graded as an Engineer of Dactylography.

The third technique is that of identifying all workers with a mystic personality called The Worker, who owns all the material wealth of the country. Thanks to this highly scientific myth, the man who works all night and whose wife works all day for a bare subsistence wage, who is forced to live with a family of four in two rooms, can feel that his material wealth is millions and is increasing every day. Even though his wife cannot afford to buy a pair of cotton stockings, both can boast of a new billion-dollar power plant acquired during the last Five-Year Plan.

The fourth technique consists of stressing the idea that unlimited advancement is open to all who are qualified. This last method of mass management, I think, is the

weakest and the most likely to undergo early modification. Otherwise, in a few years, Russia will be full of disappointed Comrades who can't make the grade. Capitalism has the great advantage of providing easy prizes for the lucky simpletons who can't pass examinations, but who can manage to make money in the processes of trade. But the Comrade who is too slow to be a Stakhanovite and too stupid to pass the tests for the technical training has a dark outlook.

The elite, however, can look forward to a future of widening vistas, provided they play the game. One evening I bought for \$4 a ticket to the Red Army Park of Moscow. Within this enclosure were on display simultaneously in different places a grand opera, a light opera, a moving picture show, and a large open-air jazz orchestra. Entrance to these purlieus of opulence and privilege was by paid admission. The unwashed Comrades were kept out. The elite of Communist officialdom were there in attire which contrasted strangely with the dress of ninety-nine per cent of the shabby people in the streets. Everything bore a bourgeois aspect. A Capitalist or a Fascist felt at home in this atmosphere. The faces of the people were

less taut; most of them looked gay and pleasant. No realist could believe that these men and women had the same class-consciousness or interests as their so-called Comrades who were outside looking in. Thus the great gulf is widening.

The vital question, so far as values in this respect are concerned, is whether the scheme of adjustment of class differences is to one's liking or not, or whether one approves this system of keeping people in their respective places or prefers some other system. There is, in my opinion, no real question as to the ability of the Communist leaders to keep the masses subservient to the purposes of the elite. As the Russians become better educated and more given to rationalizing, it may be found necessary to substitute the more plausible myth of the Supreme and Glorious State for that of the almighty and all-glorious proletariat. The trouble with the Worker myth is that there is an ever-present physical reality of a flesh and blood worker. A deity, a king, a leader, or a mystical entity called the State is each a far more scientific basis for a social myth. Evolution in this direction already seems in progress through the gradual deification of Lenin and the display of Stalin's picture in

every room and public square in Russia, so that one cannot spend five minutes of one's waking hours out of view of the dictator's face.

In referring to these various phases of Russian culture, I have not used terms like liberty and individualism, because I find they have little or no meaning in comparing the ultimate values of Communism, Fascism, and Liberal Capitalism. As a foreign tourist with money in my pocket, my papers in order, an Aryan birth certificate, and no desire to overthrow the existing regimes, I enjoyed just as much liberty in Communist Russia, Fascist Italy, and Nazi Germany as I enjoy here in America.

As for the masses, I did not find their subjective attitude towards the existing orders to vary greatly in any of the authoritarian States. I am inclined to believe that there is far more subjective discontent and far less material reason for it in the Liberal Capitalist countries of America, England, and France than in the Fascist and Communist countries. The latter believe in teaching the people to like what they have, whereas the Liberal countries believe in allowing anyone to preach discontent who can further his personal interests by doing so.

EDITORIALS

Back at the Old Stand

SO IT is to be four more long years. Well, if there is any country in the world able to withstand eight years of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, it is America. We are gluttons for punishment. Dr. Roosevelt's return to office is an extraordinary tribute to the Republic's powers of resistance.

So the greatest show on earth continues. The nine executioners on Capitol Hill tremble in their august robes, the skeleton of the NRA begins to put on flesh, and new hordes of hungry jobholders sharpen up their store-teeth as they approach the public trough. The saturnalia of corruption which has drenched Washington since 1932 can continue unabated. The process of changing American workingmen into unemployable paupers on the dole will reach a new high before the next election. The National Labor Relations Board will soon swing into action in earnest, paving the way for the dictatorship of labor agitators. The SEC, no longer restrained by fear of embarrassing the

Führer, can really crack down on the wolves of Wall Street. Doctor Tugwell, the Sweetheart of the Regimenters, can now Make America Over in earnest; by next Election Day he will probably have Resettled half a million Georgia Democrats in recalcitrant Maine and Vermont. The sublime Ickes, little Lord Fauntleroy of the Uplifters, will shortly have all the poor American Indians converted to Communism. Harry Hopkins, Prince of Spendthrifts, will erect a line of WPA workers leaning on their shovels all the way from North Dakota to Alabama, for a windbreak in the erosion belt. Mme. La Pasionaria Perkins will introduce collective bargaining for panhandlers. Henry Morgenthau, the male Alice-in-Wonderland, no doubt is already busy on schemes whereby the United States will guarantee the integrity of the Japanese yen, the Austrian schilling, and the Siamese tical. And Jim Farley — why, Jim is going to get rid of the last of those annoying Civil Service people; then perhaps

Albany; and then — well, why not? — the White House. If Jim can elect Dr. Roosevelt twice, surely he can elect himself once.

So we will have to grin and bear it. The grinning is easy enough — except when we come to pay the bill. And bear it we must — until that day, not so far distant, when the incense smoke clears away from Dr. Roosevelt's thaumaturgies and we find ourselves face to face with a reality which is going to be as unpleasant as it is stark.

Just at this time THE MERCURY would like to make one obvious prediction: that the Republic will shortly be deluged by a torrent of franked literature from Washington, calling upon free-born citizens to forget bygones, to bury the hatchet, to put a Shoulder to the Wheel and Work for the Future of a Unified America. When translated into English, this high-sounding call will merely ask the population to forget the most obnoxious, inefficient, and despotic Administration in our history — an Administration which, manned by a political machine of almost unbelievable corruption, now enters upon its next term with a national debt of thirty-five billion dollars.

Well, if certain free-born Americans want to forget their first

draught of the New Deal, there is nothing to be done about them. But just to keep the record straight, THE MERCURY will continue to expose the absurdities and stupidities of the new New Deal just as strenuously as it exposed the absurdities and stupidities of the First Crackpot Reich, 1933-36.



Memories of New York

As we enjoy the peace and quiet of our new editorial offices here in the unspoiled village of Ridgefield, Connecticut, we occasionally shiver at the nightmare memory of what it means to live in New York City today under the stewardship of Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia. The Little Flower holds a rare distinction — the small amount of government he bestows upon the unfortunate New Yorkers is generally conceded to be the most obnoxious of any now dispensed in this great Republic. Take the inefficiency of the New Deal, add a wholesome dose of the Uplift, and you have a mess similar to that in which the Metropolis now wallows. No government at all would be eminently superior to the LaGuardia brand.

Adequate transportation, for instance, is now virtually unknown

in the world's greatest city. People spend days in taxicabs trying to get from one part of town to another. The subway tubes are foul with heat in Summer, and colder than the Arctic in Winter. The trains are as crowded as Soviet concentration camps; they rarely run on time; and after midnight they almost cease to move at all. As for the sidewalks of New York, they are thronged with a galaxy of professional labor racketeers and rioters: it is impossible to walk a block without being tripped by a picket or trampled by a mass demonstration of furious Marxists. The Little Flower has expressly forbidden the police, once the finest body of uniformed men in the country, to protect citizens against the disorders of the malcontents. During the 1935 taxicab strike, LaGuardia took the part of the strikers against the public and did everything but overturn independent cabs himself. In 1936, he sat supinely by while an elevator strike made half the apartments in the city uninhabitable, refused police protection to non-strikers, and forced the unhappy subjects of his misrule to climb as many as thirty flights of stairs, or sleep in the streets. As a matter of fact, the streets them-

selves are invariably impassable: in Winter, the Boy Scout Mayor's indifference allows them to be caked with ice and snow until traffic ceases; and at all seasons they are jammed with illegally parked cars. In brief, an overcrowded, incredibly congested, seething city gets along as best it can without the aid of law and order.

From our rustic retreat here in Connecticut we look back with no regret on the fortunate circumstances that allowed us to move away from the Little Flower's domain. We do not choose to walk down twenty-three flights of apartment-house stairs to slip on the icy streets while trying to get into an overturned taxicab that is stuck in a traffic jam. We hold that New York City today is no fit habitat for any self-respecting man. The citizens of more than average intelligence are fast clearing out, preferring the irritations of a commuter's life to the greater irritations of having to live on the same island with F. H. LaGuardia.

If this exodus continues apace, it will eventually have a satisfactory result. When all the solid citizens have quit New York, its Mayor will be genuinely representative of the remaining electorate.

AMERICANA

ALASKA

DISMAL indication that the old hell-roaring Frozen North, where Men Were Men, has succumbed to the *mores* of the effete and woman-ridden Outside, as recorded by the Wrangell *Sentinel*:

As the culmination of a feud of long standing, Lee Considine was fined \$10 in U. S. Commissioner's court Wednesday afternoon on complaint of Mrs. Queenie Bontrager, who testified that he had called her a chippy. Considine admitted the charge, but stated that Mrs. Bontrager had thumbed her nose at him.

CALIFORNIA

THE editor of the *Tiro World* makes a special effort to keep the record straight:

It was stated erroneously in the July 2 *Tiro World* that Miss Virginia Arnold of Hamilton attended a fish fry in New Washington, Sunday night, June 28, and this is to correct the same. Miss Arnold did not attend the fish fry.

GEORGIA

AN unsuccessful candidate for coroner in the primaries inserts the following card of thanks in the Greensboro *Herald Journal*:

I desire to thank the intelligent, honest, and upright 96 voters who cast their ballots for me in Wednesday's Primary. The 2321 voters who cast their ballots against me can go jump in the Lake.

MISSISSIPPI

A REPORTER for the Aberdeen *Examiner* turns on the faucet of language in chronicling an event of earth-shaking significance:

Miss Gloria Matherly, so well and so favorably known in Aberdeen that she needs no introduction, was the happy recipient of the honor of winning the first prize in her first Radio Audition [for tap dancing] . . . The traditions of the golden age of Aberdeen, the age of chivalry, education, talent, and success for which Aberdeenans have long been noted, will be safe when placed in the hands of Gloria to carry into the undiscovered realms of the future. Go, little girl, your destined course pursue, collect honors that are just and true, and may you all your journey through, be the queen rose, in life's rose-bud garden of girls.

NEW YORK

THE make-up man of the celebrated Olean *Times-Herald* reveals a rather grim sense of humor about marriage:

FIGHT RESULTS

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lamberton of Portville are parents of a daughter born this morning at the Olean General Hospital.

PROFOUND observation by the famous O. O. McIntyre, as broadcast to America in his column, *Day by Day*:

For its size, Tulsa, Okla., is considered, by those who know, one of the better dressed American cities. Louisville second.

ANOTHER diabolic conspiracy is uncovered by an alert subscriber to the *New Masses*:

I wish to inform the readers of the *New Masses* (and I hope that they in turn will inform their friends) that Macy's department store is literally flooded with Italian-made goods, selling at very low prices. It goes without saying that Italian-made goods should be boycotted. That is one of the major weapons the people can use to combat Fascism.

JOHN FREEMAN.

OHIO

PROGRESS of the New Leisure in the purlieus of Cleveland, as vouched for by the *Cleveland News*:

The mystery of the "five suspicious characters" reported by neighbors as loitering under a tree on Selwyn road near Monticello boulevard was solved today by Cleveland Heights police. One of the residents asserted the men had been under the tree for three days. Patrolman Simon Tulley and

Emmet Brady found they were WPA workers.

PROGRESS of Culture in the learned city of Cincinnati, as gravely reported by the Associated Press:

Cincinnati zoo officials claimed today for Suzie, the gorilla, all attendance records for a local birthday party.

More than 16,000 visitors thronged the zoo yesterday as she celebrated her 10th anniversary.

The gorilla was "about like other children" on their birthdays, said Bill Dressman, her trainer, who was close by as she sat down to a party complete even to a birthday cake with candles. Suzie received not only the big frosted cake—fully two feet in diameter—in token of the day, but also letters, greeting cards and a telegram.

AN excited editorial writer on the lively *Cleveland Press* pays a new tribute to the lumberjack-author of *Pilgrim's Progress*:

Americans, fed on superlatives, may get a new thrill tomorrow when Boulder Dam starts shooting electricity from the world's biggest generator, at the world's biggest power plant, into the world's biggest power transmission line. No man since Barnum could do justice to this huge, stupendous, colossal, titanic, Gargantuan project. It's John Bunyan pouring the mighty Colorado through a funnel.

OKLAHOMA

A NATIVE son introduces a new note in boosterism, according to the Associated Press:

The Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce has taken under advisement Roscoe E. Dickson's plan to stimulate civic pride. At an unannounced time each day, Dickson suggests, all fire sirens should howl simultaneously. Thereupon every citizen should turn to the person next to him, shake hands vigorously, and exclaim: "We're living in the finest city in the United States."

TENNESSEE

THE celebrated city of Dayton gives a thumbnail sketch of itself as one of America's leading centers of Progress:

Come to Dayton, Tenn. "Gem City" of the South. The first city in the world to take issue with the false theory of Darwinism and win.

TEXAS

ALARMING collapse of *esprit de corps* among the followers of the Lost Cause, as noted by the *Elm-creek Beacon*:

The statue of Buffalo Bill was unveiled Saturday at the Dallas fair. But no Daughters of the Confederacy nor Southern soldiers attended. An actor was outfitted in gray to take part in the ceremony.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS CANADA

ANOTHER tremendous advance is made on the road to Utopia, ac-

cording to the alert Montreal correspondent for the United Press:

Ten years ago, thousands of Emile Coué's disciples went about chanting: "Every day in every way, I'm getting better and better." Today, according to Jean Oliven, Paris publisher now visiting Montreal, the chant is slightly different. Now one says: "From all points of view, I feel better today than yesterday."

JAPAN

THE traditional note of Japanese courtesy is emphasized in the new regulations issued by the Railway Department:

(1) It is objectionable for one person to attempt to occupy a seat for two, especially when the train is crowded, by putting a package beside him or by having a friend who came to see him off sit beside him until the train starts.

(2) It is an especially bad practice to pretend to be asleep when the guard tells you to make room for other passengers.

(3) Parents will be grateful if a child is given a seat. It is also commendable to assist older people. On the other hand, aged passengers should not force others to help them.

(4) Dirty clothing makes it unpleasant for others in the car.

(5) Women should refrain from changing their clothes in a train.

(6) Passengers in groups who sing at night are not welcome.

(7) People should be quiet in a sleeping-car. They should not go into other cars, especially the dining-car, in a nightdress.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

The Politician's Opinion of You

EDMUND BURKE, probably the greatest British statesman of all time, once wrote a letter to the Duke of Richmond, criticizing his political associates. He said they were good routineers, first-rate on pushing legislation, strong on winning elections, but no good whatever "on that which is the end and object of all elections, namely: the disposing our people to a better sense of their condition".

In the language of the street, that seems to be distinctly a new one on us. We never heard that candidates and campaign-managers were supposed to do anything like that, or that elections were held for any such object. Burke's idea was that the true purpose of an election is to make the people look themselves over and see what sort of folk they actually are, and where they actually stand; and the business of candidates and campaign-managers and politicians generally is to help them do that. His complaint was that his fellow-politicians did not seem to get that idea. He said in some bitterness on another occa-

sion that as things stood, the main business of a politician was "still further to contract the narrowness of men's ideas, to confirm inveterate prejudices, to inflame vulgar passions, and to abet all sorts of popular absurdities"; and as things stand with us, that is precisely the main business of a politician now.

In the light of the recent election, it might be a good thing for us to put these two sayings of Burke side by side, and think them over. Did our politicians do anything that would enable us to get a better understanding of our actual condition as a people? Not a hand's turn; not even with regard to our economic condition. On the contrary, they did everything they could to mislead and confuse our understanding, for party purposes. Did they do or say anything to enlarge our ideas, to soften our prejudices, to allay our vulgar passions and discourage our absurdities? Nothing; on the contrary, they justified Burke's complaint in every particular. Consequently the election has left us with our under-

standing of our own condition as incorrect and distorted as their best efforts could possibly make it. No wonder Henry Adams said he was going to the Fijis, "where the natives eat one another, and perhaps may eat me, but where they do not have any Presidential elections".

Nevertheless, indirectly and in spite of this, the election may put us in the way of getting a little better sense of our condition, or at least asking ourselves a few questions about it, if we study the nature of the appeals which those same politicians made to us during the campaign in order to get our votes. Those appeals unquestionably show what sort of folk they think we are, and the basis of understanding on which they think we can best be reached and influenced; and we can use that as a sort of index or mark by which to measure ourselves and see how far the actual level of our condition lies above or below it. Aside from the usual dash of claptrap about the Constitution and the Good Old American System, all I saw was a straight appeal to material well-being. Industrial employment up so much since 1932, agriculture up so much, unemployment down so much; social security, shorter hours, "Vote for Landon and land a job," and so on.

Now, is our condition such that we take our politics exclusively on those terms, with never a hint of a possible principle involved — terms of increased comfort, leisure, and a little extra spending-money, earned or unearned, for everybody? Our politicians think so. During one of the street rows in Paris in 1830, a clever pickpocket called Mimi-Lepreuil was heard shouting: "Hurrah for the King! Down with the Republic!" A police inspector, knowing that pickpockets were usually rather on the plebeian side, asked him how he got that way. "I'm fed up with republicans," he said. "Every morning here I tap twenty pockets before I find a red cent. At General Lamarque's funeral, I didn't make my expenses. Give me a royal procession, every time."

Those were his politics, and our politicians think they are ours too. We may not like Mussolini, Stalin, or Hitler, but we certainly have to hand it to them that they never held up to their people any such ideal as that. If they had, the people would not have stood for it.

The campaign brought us face to face with some great principles. Did our politicians discuss them disinterestedly, objectively, *as principles*? They did not. For instance, the Bill of Rights is vastly more

important than any political platform or than any party's chance of getting into power. During the campaign, the Communist candidate was forbidden to speak in one American city, and was jailed in another, in open and flagrant contempt of the Bill of Rights and of the common law as well. At that time, one of his fellow-candidates was in the White House, and another in a governor's chair; both therefore presumably interested in the Bill of Rights, since they were under oath to support it. Did they take advantage of this occasion for a thorough, impartial, non-controversial discussion of the great principle underlying the First Article of the Bill of Rights? Not a chirp from either of them. The obvious inference is that they and their campaign managers think the people do not care enough for that principle to make it worth talking about. Are they right?

Again, the most pressing public question before the whole world today is whether the people exist to defend and serve the State, or whether the State exists to defend and serve the people. Fascism, Communism, and Nazi-ism are merely three names for one and the same thing; their collisions are not collisions of principle, but of secondary interest. Obviously, the

principle underlying this public question is the great principle of liberty; and considering all that is going on in the world, one would say that "disposing our people to a better sense of their condition" in regard to this principle is a statesman's first job. Mr. Roosevelt had a gilt-edged chance to do it in the grand style at the Harvard tercentenary, and Mr. Landon had plenty of chances and could have made as many more as he liked. Not a word from either; and the inference is once more that they think we have no interest in the principle of liberty, or in any public, world-wide challenge of it. Well, are they right?

So, as I said, if we make use of the election to raise a few questions like these, it does help us in a negative way to get a clearer understanding of ourselves. The evident fact that our politicians regard us as a crew of low, ignorant, careless, and grasping swine whose god is our belly, is negatively helpful. Perhaps we are that; perhaps at least not quite; the election does somewhat set us in the way of finding out. Perhaps, too, if they put a little higher estimate on us we might be capable of rising to it, as Hitler's people were, and Mussolini's. The election might also give us something of a line on that.

THE BOOK PREVIEW

In this department THE MERCURY presents each month an advance excerpt from an important forthcoming book.

LOVE IN A KITCHENETTE

From The Sound of Running Feet, to be published soon by Stokes.

BY JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

JOHNNY PALMET, waiting for the traffic light to change, assured himself that if he wasn't already late, he'd be stopping in somewhere to have a little drink. The humming satisfaction that blended his nerves into a state he recognized as happiness would be crowned by an Old-Fashioned. Amber — green — he shot ahead; everything was going exactly right. A good world, when absence of worry left you free to enjoy it. Johnny visioned himself a king in his little red car; his radiance rivaled that of the goddess on his radiator cap as he rolled smoothly toward his shining little flat. If the union labor contract was accepted by the Boss — and it would be — he'd be making forty dollars a week. Why, with forty dollars a week a man could live like royalty. No, Ida didn't care for the royalty business, better say a man could live like the President, then. Have kids — Johnny would like Ida to have a baby pretty soon. He'd begin to save for a baby, just in case, as soon as he had some things paid for. The charge accounts worried him most. He knew Ida bought only a few little things every month, because she said so, but the totals mounted when she bought in four shops. Still, a woman had to spend money, didn't she? If she had a man who earned it. To be twenty-two, to have a home, a wife, a car, to be making forty dollars a week — yes, a man could afford to be indulgent toward a woman's desire for things. Only foreigners — like his father — criticized a husband for handing his pay envelope to his wife.

The four-story apartment house in which he lived also pleased Johnny.

The façade of the building, designed in blue and red tapestry brick, never failed to impress him as handsome and solid; he admired the scalloped roof line ornamented with Grecian burial urns. This imposing front compensated him for the lines of flapping clothes that forever whisked tattered silhouettes above the urns and for the hideous zigzag skeletons of fire-escapes. Likewise, he considered that the imitation bronze doors and the narrow flight of marble steps choking the dimensions of the mirror-lined vestibule distracted from the shabbiness of the dark, smelly halls. One could judge the class of tenants in a house by its entrance, Johnny argued.

Some day, he reflected, climbing the dimly lighted stairway to the fourth floor, they'd have an elevator apartment. He identified the flavor and odor of pot roast, Brussels sprouts, and parsnips as he mounted, and the rattle of dishes behind the closed doors he passed pleasantly stimulated his hunger. A good, hot dinner — and then, the table cleared, he would study for an hour or two. No, tonight was the church card-party — Ida loved to play cards. She'd be sore if he tried to beg off. I'm late now, thought Johnny, fitting his key in the lock.

The kitchen, planned by an ingenious architect, was just inside the entrance hall. Visitors usually walked directly into the gas stove. If they escaped that and turned in at the second door, they found themselves in the bathroom. But the living room, at the end of the suite, had, as Johnny and Ida pointed out, three windows and two exposures. They were a little hazy as to what exposures were, but the agent always mentioned them when they paid the rent.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't telephone when you know dinner dries up in the oven." Ida, stirring something at the stove, turned one smooth, rouged cheek for Johnny's kiss.

His mechanical apology rumbled unintelligibly behind his square, white teeth. What the hell! When a thing was done, why cry about it? Still, women had their own ideas. Johnny murmured again, presumably the utterance of a contrite spirit. He backed over the sill, swung into the bathroom. "Don't you want to go to the card-party without me tonight?" he called, taking off his coat.

"You promised." Ida stood in the doorway. Scarcely as tall as Johnny, two years younger, her implacable design for living hardened her bearing, cooled her to iron, compelled her spirit to match in smooth firmness

her imperious, proud flesh. She used eye shadow and mascara to darken her pale gray eyes, plucked her eyebrows to thin lines that undulated like serpents. Rouge glowed high on her cheek bones, her mouth resembled a bright red bar pin. Black hair, set that afternoon, still gripped her skull in flat stiff waves, each scallop battened down under a net cap like a spider's web. Glistening flecks left by the dried lotion sprinkled her head as if she had salted it. She wore half a dozen rings, a chain of pearl beads, stud earrings, and a huge pink bracelet on either arm. Her inadequate bib apron covered only the front breadth of her black crepe dress which was trimmed with bands of imitation Chinese embroidery on the short sleeves and around the flat, high collar. Artificial, over-dressed, without tenderness or sympathy, she would always be pitiful, even when successful, for she was fated to desire the wrong things, to shop for poor values.

Johnny splashed his hands cautiously in the small basin. The bathroom fixtures fitted into the available space like parts of a jigsaw puzzle and man-sized gestures had to be reduced to scale. "I didn't think you'd mind. You know everybody there." He twitched a towel from the wall rod. "I got to study, but I can call for you."

His best suit was laid out, ready for him, Ida's thin red mouth explained competently. She preceded him into the bedroom where she had pushed aside a simpering French doll, dressed in blue silk, and a white fur cat with green eyes and six-inch whiskers, to make room for Johnny's clothes on the double bed. "You dress while I warm up dinner. I'm sure it isn't much to ask of you, to take me to a card-party. After you promised, too. You can't expect to bury me in this apartment while you go out every day and meet people." Ida examined the heels of her stockings in the full-length glass set in the closet door, straightened one seam.

The bedroom was suffocatingly hot, redolent of Ida's powder and perfumes. A confusion of lines produced an uneven, rippling effect to which the wavy grain of the Circassian walnut suite, the border of the rug in key design, the striped curtains, ruffled valances and *moiré* weave of the pink bedspread, all contributed. Johnny, beginning to change, admired the decorative scheme without reservations. He had never questioned his wife's taste. The accumulation of furniture, of curtains and pillows, rugs and vases and pictures and mirrors throughout the apartment pleased him, since he assumed that other men judged him by what he had. He and Ida sometimes compared their rooms with the

homes in which they visited, and they pitied the couples whose houses or flats looked "bare".

If he went to the card-party, he'd have to shave. Damn nuisance, always dolling up, always stepping out, and for what? Johnny stalked to the bathroom, planted himself brazenly on the pink plush rug. He hoped his shoe would mark it. Always on the go, he grumbled, rubbing shaving cream into his chin, scowling at the reflection of his broad, flat face in the medicine cabinet mirror.

He crumpled a blue guest towel into a ball, slammed it in the tub. If he could get an hour or two to himself every night, he might get somewhere with his English. The Boss encouraged his employees to try their hand at advertising copy, but words, just words, apparently froze on the tip of Johnny's fountain pen. He thought, pulling his mouth out of shape as he ran the razor over his jaw bone, I got to work harder than the others to do as good as they do. I ought to take courses down at the City College, English and some of the real estate lectures. Ida kicked up a row soon as I mentioned three nights a week for school. Got the idea my time after office hours belongs to her.

The trickle of water in the waste pipe had been irritating him steadily, he discovered. He closed the hot water faucet, and carefully scraped his upper lip, avoiding a tiny mole. We haven't been home a night this week. I'll have to take the books back to the library without using them. Out in the kitchen dishes rattled, the oven door slammed. A blue smoke drifted past the doorway. Johnny coughed sharply as the acrid fumes of searing fat constricted the muscles of his throat.

II

The red and white dinette, glaringly cheery, provided comfortable space for two. Both Ida and Johnny admired the blue and yellow dinner set which matched nothing at all and the green and white checked cloth and napkins which had caught Ida's fancy because she considered gingham checks cute. She possessed no sense of color or of harmony; she couldn't make her cooking an art, because cooking bored her and she complained it was hard on her hands. But everything, she had once confided to Johnny, bored her. She had thick broad hands, wide and fleshy like the feet she crammed into narrow, high-heeled pumps, the hands and feet

of a woman molded for an active physical life. If only she knew what she wanted, she sometimes thought, dismayed by an uncertainty in which her spirit fell away and left her tottering for an instant, sickening and brief. Of course, she bought things, and more things, in the effort to persuade herself that what she wanted was dishes and linens and rugs and white fur cats. "When I can afford it, I'm going to get a metal-top table to set hot pans on," she said now, pouring sable-colored coffee into Johnny's cup.

Johnny smiled. Secrets and tidings quivered in the creases of his face, leaped in the twinkling lights deep in his small bright eyes. "Maybe we'll have more money — after a while." He sawed optimistically at his shoulder lamb chop which Ida had fried to a leather chip.

"Are you going to get a raise? Say, *are* you looking for a raise? When? How much?" The table tipped as Ida hunched her knees. Resentment checked her rising excitement. "It's about time those pigs did something for you."

Nothing was definitely settled, Johnny explained, with a belated caution that aroused every dormant suspicion in her. There had been some talk of a labor contract, that was all.

"But you said you'd have more money —"

"If the contract is signed, I meant. Maybe it won't be accepted. We had a terrible row, getting everyone to agree to it. I've got to type it over, too. The firm hasn't even seen it yet."

Ida put one glittering scarlet-tipped finger on the tablecloth as if she pointed to a spot on a map. "Just how much more money will you get?"

"I may not get any more."

"If you do get more."

Johnny said reverently, "Forty dollars a week. I mean everyone who's worked three years will get forty a week. That's one of the stipulations of the contract."

His wife settled back in her chair. "That isn't such a lot. Mrs. Herman's husband gets fifty dollars a week. For five days, too."

Well, how should a girl know, reasoned Johnny, as the hurt mushroomed in him like a fire, spreading from his vital organs to his eyes which stung and to his hand which clumsily clattered his fork. How should a girl know that fifteen dollars was a big raise? Ida had never earned more than thirteen dollars a week; but working in a factory was

different. She didn't know about offices. Offices weren't like factories. Her old man had never worked in an office. A little of the pain passed. Mrs. Herman's husband was thirty-two years old. Ida's people were all Americans, but at least her old man had never worked in an office. If you work in an office, you're different. I'm different. I'll bet George Herman didn't earn forty dollars when he was my age.

The telephone, concealed in a gilt temple on a rickety table in the strip of hallway, rang loudly with a firm, measured insistence.

"Why, Greg!" Johnny's voice warmed and thickened. "Yes, Greg. Sure. You can count on me, Greg. I know where it is. No, I won't let you down. Yes, Greg. Sure."

Ida, who had been pouring marshmallow sauce over two squares of cake, pushed Johnny's dessert toward him as he resumed his seat. "What did he want?"

The cake might have been pasteboard, for all Johnny tasted it. He turned his swimming, ecstatic gaze upon his wife and said, as if awe-stricken: "Greg Marsh wants me to go to the meeting of the Real Estate Board. He can't get there."

"When? Where? Tonight?" Ida discovered she had spilled sauce on the cloth. Another mess to clean up.

In his hushed, reverent tones, Johnny explained that the Real Estate Board met at half-past eight that night in the Chamber of Commerce auditorium. After their monthly dinner. The dinner, Greg had volunteered, was a washout, but someone had to keep in touch with the board members and the after-meeting must be attended. "Greg says if I get there by nine o'clock, that's time enough."

"Why didn't you tell him about the card-party?"

Johnny pushed the card-party away from him with his empty plate. I'll be representing the firm. . . .

"Call Greg back and tell him you have another engagement. With your wife."

"This is the first time I've represented the firm. The other fellows get around more than I do; they've kind of kept me in the background. I want to do what they do. Look like they do. Go where they go." Johnny panted a little, put a hand to his collar. To be accepted on equal terms with the office force, to share their discussions and their jokes, to know that a group wouldn't break up if he joined it—the social approval

which he coveted with an intensity beyond his limited power to analyze, was to be won, then. Greg wouldn't ask me to go if he didn't think I could do all right. Represent the firm, he said.

"Are you going to call that Greg? I told Jennie maybe we'd pick her up."

If she would hurry, Johnny replied out of his dreams, he could drop her at the church hall. Jennie wasn't a cripple, she could take the bus. "I'll stop for you, Honey, after the meeting, and if Joe's place is still open, we can have an oyster fry."

III

Across the apartment courtyard a woman laughed, a man's deeper voice rumbled steadily, as if he read aloud. A radio blared into a shout, was shut off. The cooling sides of the gas oven cracked with a sharp report. In the hot little dinette Ida lit a cigarette sullenly, tossed the match into the sink. "It's a wonder you don't beef about having to study."

"I'll represent the firm. I'll make contacts. This is a business meeting. You don't understand. It's important."

"So's the card-party. Mrs. Herman has our table all made up. You're always talking about meeting people. Well, you can get some new customers, maybe, if you're nice to people tonight."

Johnny shook his head, smiling his dazed smile.

"Why doesn't Greg go?"

"He can't."

"Well, why can't he? Wasn't he told to go? Isn't he the office boy? I guess he has to do whatever they tell him to."

"He isn't the office boy. Not exactly. He began that way, but he's really a junior clerk now, even if he does sort the mail."

"You needn't do his work."

Business came first, Johnny maintained, his shining look of secret bliss so evidently an impervious sheath that Ida suddenly hated him. She slid out of her chair and banged it into the table with a force that made the dishes leap. If his thoughts go away from me, his body will follow; if he escapes me I shall be left alone. He is a man, he has no real need of me. . . . What queer notions, almost like dark shapes, to be dodging through her mind. Ida remembered firmly that she was American, that

she had married a foreigner, that her family considered she had lowered herself by the match. "I'm going with you to this meeting," she said.

"There won't be any women there."

Ida knew about *those* meetings. A lot of disgusting, bald-headed old fools who had girls in to dance and who gorged themselves on lobsters and watched a bunch of naked hussies kick up their heels. At home the wives and children of the bald-headed fools probably had bread pudding in an effort to save money, because business was so bad. You couldn't tell her. She had read about it in the paper, Ida argued. Half the time the dinners were raided and the men's wives had to come downtown and bail them out —

"I'm not going to any dinner. This is the business meeting I'm going to." Johnny was as serious as she. The butter swimming, an orange-gold pool on the pale yellow plate, focused his gaze. "Want me to help you put away the food?"

He could put it away himself, if he liked — she was through for the day, Ida informed him. In the doorway she turned to watch her husband who, from motives of neatness rather than economy, disliked to let left-overs stand on the uncleared table. She didn't feel right, Ida reflected; not that she was sick, but she didn't feel right. The queer, uneasy, unexplained deviation from the normal balance of her healthy body vaguely frightened her. God help me, she thought, if I'm pregnant. She couldn't be sure and Johnny didn't suspect, but it seemed to her that purely on general principles he ought to be much kinder to her than he was. A fine time for a man to be intent on stowing the butter and cold chops in the icebox. If he ever gave her a glance he might see that she didn't feel right. We haven't the money for a baby. I won't go through with it, I never said I'd have a baby. Johnny ought not to expect it. She crossed to the sink and rinsed out a glass, filled it and drank in deep, thirsty, sucking gulps. "You can telephone some of the other men to go in your place, Johnny. Why can't Mr. Andrews go?"

Johnny closed the refrigerator door, glanced at the black and yellow electric wall clock. "Jim Andrews lives up the line, pretty far out. Besides, I want to go. Didn't I tell you this is a big meeting? The Mayor will be there — or at least one of his deputies. I'll represent the firm. It's kind of an honor. All the big shots will be on hand. You never can tell what may come from an affair like this."

"You said this contract means you get more money. Will they pay you for going tonight?" Ida followed Johnny into the bedroom, blinked as he snapped on the ceiling light.

The contract didn't mean a thing yet, Johnny said. He wouldn't be paid in dollars and cents for attending this meeting, but what of it? It was a step up; he would represent the firm. He rummaged frantically in his collar box. "Where's my diamond scarfpin? Seen it?"

If the contract should be signed, then would he be paid for going to night meetings? Ida turned on the twin lamps at the vanity that occupied one entire side of the small room. She powdered her nose, began to outline her lips.

There had been something said about overtime, Johnny admitted, but he didn't know whether this would apply to meetings. Anyway, that didn't matter, because the meeting was tonight and there was no contract yet. He had to have his scarfpin with the diamond in it. Damned funny, how things disappeared when you wanted them.

It was queer none of the other men wanted to attend this meeting, Ida suggested, slipping bobby pins from her hair and letting each pin drop with a tinny click into the china tray. "I'll bet if they make your hours shorter, there won't be any night meetings to go to. Not if they have to pay you for going, there won't."

Johnny said, "God damn it!" and jerked open the top drawer of the chifforobe. His scarfpin, a looped whip with a tiny diamond chip set in the handle, a birthday gift from his older brother, had always been put carefully away with his gold-plated collar stud. The stud was in its place in the collar box, but where was the diamond scarfpin?

"The way I feel about it," said Ida, crimping her eyelashes with an instrument that looked to the distracted Johnny exactly like the tin thing she used to string beans, "it's like this: A man who works from nine to five ought to be through. His time after that belongs to his wife. A man who wants to go to business meetings every night shouldn't get married."

Perhaps the scarfpin had slipped down behind the drawers of the chifforobe. Johnny lifted out three drawers, one after the other, piled them in a jagged tower on the bed. His face glistened, the back of his neck glowed red. "When I get somewhere, I can take you places then." His words ran together as he crawled half-way into the cavities, to run

his arm behind the flimsy framework. The dust he stirred up choked him. He sneezed. Ida seldom moved the furniture when she cleaned. "A man doesn't work for himself. He thinks about his wife and maybe that they'll have kiddies." Johnny's voice emerged clearly with his shoulders as he backed out, stood up, the tips of his fingers printed with gray fuzz. "Maybe some day I'll be a partner in the firm, if I show that I take an interest now."

All this talk about organizing made her sick, Ida said. Johnny would feel smart, if he and this Greg Marsh talked themselves right out of the office. Anyway, demanded Ida, touching her ears with a crystal perfume dropper, what good did organizing do if it didn't get you shorter hours and more pay? Studying after dinner, going to silly meetings, wasn't her idea of bettering oneself. He let the firm play him for a sucker, that's what he did.

"Well, it's gone!" Johnny dusted his knees and the palms of his hands with a soiled towel. "My diamond pin's gone. Maybe you swept it up in the vacuum, but I can't take that apart now." Reluctantly he sorted over the contents of a pill box in which he kept his more commonplace articles of jewelry, such as a pair of gold-plated cuff links, worn brassy on the edges, a seal ring which had been sawed in half, a tie pin set with an imitation pearl. Nothing for it but to wear this pearl scarfpin, admitted Johnny, whose friends referred to him as a "careful dresser". He leaned close to the mirror, pushed the pin in the exact center of a polka dot, and pulled down his vest. "Coming?"

Ida folded her lips into a narrow red seam that tightened the muscles of her face, pinched in her nostrils. She felt so sorry for herself that she was almost convinced she must be another girl, an unhappy little creature, neglected, cheated, to whom the compassionate Ida Palmet stretched out an understanding, womanly hand. "I'm not going. I'm not going anywhere," Ida said.

In her new, strangely hushed voice, Ida repeated that she was not going. Not to the card-party, no, nor to the movies — he *would* suggest that. "If you're willing to leave me alone, all right. I'll stay home."

He couldn't find his diamond pin and Ida acted like hell. A fine impression he'd make, coming in late and looking rumpled from his intensive search into bureau drawers and closets. Johnny prided himself on his neatness, a slicked, every-hair-in-place kind of grooming that

suggested to his critics he might wash himself with his tongue like a cat. He wiped his face vigorously with a clean handkerchief, mumbling in the folds. "I'll telephone your mother to come over."

"I won't have her!" Ida forgot to be gentle and distant.

But she never stayed alone, Johnny argued, eager to be gone, not daring to leave. Let her mother and sister come over and the three of them could play rummy. He'd bring home fried oysters —

"Oysters! For God's sake!" said Ida.

Johnny, staring at her, moved in a kind of glide toward the door.

"Go on. You'll be sorry." Ida hated scenes, she disliked quarrels, but a girl had to take a stand, didn't she? Every wife with whom she exchanged marital experiences agreed that trouble began the day a man started going out without his wife. And he's a different race from me; Ma always warned me foreigners treat their wives like slaves. Think a kitchen's good enough for them. American men look up to their wives, they worship women. Ida recalled the illustrations for an article she had read in last Sunday's paper. American Womanhood, represented as a queen on a throne labeled "Home". American Manhood had been less clearly defined, but the outlines gleamed faintly through the burning incense clouds rising toward the throne.

Desperate, Johnny skirted the bed, bent down to kiss her. The smell of hot, baked hair clung to her waved head, he tasted the flour-like powder on her feverishly warm cheek. He wanted to draw his fingers across the velvety smooth place at the back of her neck, only likely as not she'd slap him. She acted like hell, but what could he do? Wouldn't speak to him when he got back, he could be sure. Not even in bed. "I wish you'd try to understand, Honey. I got to go. I'm representing the firm."

Ida clenched her hands furiously and stood up, her body tense. "You never would let me learn how to run the car!" Her voice cracked, she began to sob.

He thought, she's gone crazy, maybe like her brother's wife went crazy. I ought to make her see a doctor tomorrow.

"You never think of anybody but yourself! You go out in the car all day." Ida stamped her foot. Tears always made her nose run. She felt so much better crying, however, that she didn't mind her streaked image in the vanity glass. "I can stay alone all day and all night, but you must

run around in the car. Maybe your mother never went anywhere, but I won't be treated like that." She wished she could think of something really terrible to say. Words that would stick into Johnny like knives. There he was, the dope, edging toward the doorway, scared to death of her, and she would sell her soul for a husband who could manage his life and hers.

If I give her a dollar, she can go downtown tomorrow and get her lunch and take in a movie, Johnny calculated. He felt in his inside coat pocket for the brown leather wallet that contained a single bill. No matter, he'd have enough change to see him through if he made a couple of lunches on clam chowder and beer. Women don't get out of the house enough; cooking and cleaning's monotonous, just doing the same thing over and over. Johnny had heard the women at the office talk. "There's a good movie at the Colonial — see it tomorrow, Hon." He pressed the dollar into her wet fingers. "I think Clark Gable's in it," he said hopefully.

Ida said nothing.

"I'll be so late they'll toss me out on my ear." Johnny backed into the hall, shrugged on his overcoat. Hat in hand he peered in at his wife who had flung herself face downward across the bed. "Come on, Honey, don't be sore. Get your things and let me drop you at the church hall. You'll cheer up, once you're having a good time."

Ida sniffed.

"Hon?"

"I'm not coming. You'll be sorry."

Downstairs, in the little marble vestibule, Johnny began to practice the replies he intended to make when the members of the Real Estate Board greeted him. I must get their names right, he thought, opening the street door. People like to be called by their right names. It flatters them. I'll watch out for the Boss's friends, too. I know their faces.

Johnny unlocked the car, slid in behind the wheel. Greg said to park on the side street and go in at the main entrance. It pleased Johnny to remember that he had swept out the car that morning; the upholstery was as clean as a good brushing could make it. I wish I had a heavy car like the president of the Real Estate Board drives, Johnny thought, slowing up at the intersection of the Boulevard with his street. He had forgotten Ida. It was too bad he could not wear his diamond pin, but he was on his way up the ladder. He was actually representing his firm.

THE LIBRARY

Father Divine's Afflatus

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

GOD IN A ROLLS-ROYCE, by John Hoshor. \$2.50. *Hillman-Curl.*

MORE than twenty years ago, in the East Texas town where I was raised, there appeared a Healer. He came early in the season, about the time you break the ground for the cotton crop; and he established himself in the African Methodist Church and passed the word, after the manner of his race, that healing was available. I had the news from Uncle Ed Franklin while he saddled my horse one morning, and, riding by the rickety unpainted tabernacle on the Spring Branch in the west edge of town, I remembered, and went in to look.

I have forgotten the Healer's name. He was a small, ginger-colored Negro, of middle age and comfortable build, with nothing exceptional in his appearance except his eyes, which were singularly restless and as red as though

he had a chronic conjunctivitis. He was in no way so impressive as the run of Negro preachers, always the most sumptuous figures in the dark community. Only a few people had heard about him; less than half a dozen sat hopefully on the pine benches while I talked to him. He was attended by two Negro women, sober and decent in clean starched calico. He offered no music nor any other visible attraction. Yes, he conceded, he bore the gift of healing in his wings. He was born with a caul, and all his teeth were cut the day he came into the world. He had the Power: all you needed, as his patient, was faith. He could, he stated modestly, heal anything, and frequently did so. It was free, without money and without price. Of course, if, out of gratitude, one desired to offer a donation, the donation would be accepted. Even as Elijah accepted rations from the ravens. He talked without reserve, but his eyes were watchful. If there was

nothing that he could do for me, here waited these sufferers. . . .

I watched him operate. The afflicted was invited to draw near, and state the symptoms. The Healer, humming a tuneless little song, of no distinguishable words, took a clean cotton handkerchief one of the sisters presented, breathed on it, and applied it to the seat of suffering. The patient received the handkerchief as a gift, with the assurance that its virtue persisted, and that it could be used at home. Free, without money and without price; but if you want to give a little something—just hand it to Sister Eudoxy, over there. . . . It was as simple as that.

Next morning, riding past the church, I saw more people, and teams were hitched in the lane. The day after, all the approaches to the African Methodist Church were congested: almost as many Negroes were in town as there were when they hanged John Wynne, the town's record crowd since the Confederate Reunion in the 'Eighties. Saturday, the day the country folks came in to do their trading, it was said on the courthouse square that you couldn't get within half a mile of the African Methodist Church without being knocked down and trampled. All the conversation was of the Healer,

whose deeds were admittedly remarkable. Uncle Mink Boon, an ancient rheumatic who moved habitually with the aid of two sticks, had received attention, and was now reported to be capering like a yearling in fly-time. Old Aunt Ennis, so deaf she hadn't heard thunder since the year of Lee's surrender, took one treatment and was immediately able to pick up a whisper at two hundred feet. Mrs. Attucks' cook, a shapely yellow wench, marred by unseemly warts, let the Healer blow in a rag and hold the rag to her warts; and the warts dropped off. Not only Negroes: Mr. Pantops, a retired merchant, believed to be worth more than \$80,000 in government bonds, and quite blind because of cataracts in both his eyes, was going to the Healer. Mr. Pantops had made important cash withdrawals from his bank account, and his son-in-law was terribly worried.

You began to notice cotton farmers in little groups around the square, planters from as far out as Gladstone and Cline's Prairie and Oakhurst, men with mud on their boots and the worried look that goes with a chattel mortgage. They had their heads together and talked seriously, in low voices. Some of the town's strongest thinkers joined them. Late in the afternoon,

the conclusion got abroad that, if this sort of thing went on, it would interfere gravely with the Spring planting. Through the week, hands all over the county had been leaving the fields and coming in to see this Healer. The cotton just wasn't getting put in. No cotton crop — the thing was unthinkable. Everybody agreed that steps must be taken.

That night, they were taken. There was never any public talk about it, but it was understood that some of our influential citizens went out and discussed the situation with the Healer, on a broad, economic basis. Next day, the Healer was gone, and the hands were back in the fields, where they belonged, and we made a fine cotton crop that year.

Reading Mr. John Hoshor's report on the beginnings of a new god in the Harlem area, it occurs to me that the regions blessed by Father Divine's labors possess no such invincible philosophers as my East Texas town, or his godhead would have been squelched while it was small. However that may be, his progress, as Mr. Hoshor traces it, differs in few essentials from those myths with which all ages and all peoples have edified themselves.

Although the Father's official

statement is that he was never born, but combusted — "combusted one day in 1900 on the corner of Broadway and 134th Street" — Mr. Hoshor discovers a small Negro youth who, about that time or a little earlier, suffered from persecution in Savannah, Georgia, for the violation of a local Jim Crow ordinance; and who pilgrimed thereafter to Alabama and lived in poverty with a wife and four children. His name was George Baker. He seems to have lacked the gift for negotiable achievement, although other gods and prophets in their obscure phases have been breadwinners. Apollo, it will be remembered, was a capable attendant to King Admetus' sheep, and made good music also: Mohammed, between trances, conducted caravans, and was a successful highwayman; Weyland, the smith of the Norse Gods, was a notable farrier: and there are others who did well with their hands. Yet this George Baker was only a trimmer of hedges when he appeared, alone and broke, in Baltimore, and attached himself to an eminent local shaman of his race called Father Jehovia. In the early 1900's, he became the disciple called The Messenger, running to and fro on Father Jehovia's business.

The Jehovia revelation was: God

is within you. In 1915, the Messenger had attached to himself twelve personal disciples, six men and six women: the number is significant. That year, with his Twelve, he was translated to New York, a journey which may yet be celebrated as the New World Hegira; although the Messenger had no such remarkable mount as the horse El Borak. The Jehovah gospel was expounded in New York by a gifted colored brother called The Reverend Saint Bishop, The Vine, said to have been a fine teacher but a poor showman. The Messenger sat at his feet for four years, and in 1919, with his personal following, purchased an eight-room house in Sayville, Long Island, and established an employment agency, with communal living features attached. Through the ten years following, his group increased but slowly, yet in 1926 he had a white disciple; in 1929, a disgruntled sister brought him into public notice by suing him for \$450 — she made some nasty allegations but settled out of court for \$80 — and in 1930, another white convert, proselyted from the Holy Rollers, gave him \$10,000.

Admittedly, the times were ripe for important events. The country was sliding downhill into the Depression, and men and women, as

they usually do when material things fail them, were turning to the spiritual side. Father Divine was ready for his destiny. In the quiet period of preparation, he had searched the Scriptures, and perused also the works of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, not forgetting the sacred books of Asia, the recorded principles of Mahatma Gandhi, and the acts and sayings of Marcus Garvey. Something he had from The Rev. St. Bishop, The Vine; but not much, because The Vine's precept that God is within every person allowed the gestation of too many gods, and Father Divine was clear on one thing: he was to be the only deity in his hierarchy. He now began to feed the multitudes, for in the year 1930 there were a great many hungry people. Presently they were coming out from Harlem in bus loads; they ate, and they remained to praise; and the neighbors lodged complaints against night-long hosannahs that kept them awake and filled them with gloom and despondency.

No god ever won success without a timely and conspicuous persecution; and the property owners of Sayville obligingly provided that requisite element. They had Father Divine into court for maintaining what they described as a public nuisance. The presiding

judge sentenced him to a year in jail, and a \$500 fine. Three days later, the Judge dropped dead, of what the Faculty described as a heart attack. Father Divine issued a brief statement from his dungeon: "I hated to do it."

Forthwith his godhead was a going concern. With much patience, and, on the whole, an open mind, Mr. Hoshor describes how he went on from strength to strength. His activities outgrew Sayville, and centered in Harlem, where sin and sinners were thick on the ground and offered an abundant harvest. In this Year of Our Lord 1936—his flock write it, however, A.D.F.D.—an encyclical of his claimed 21,000,000 worshipers throughout the country. Mr. Hoshor concedes 2,000,000, all high-pressure angels. This is an important block of votes, any way you count it.

Certain features of the Divine cult are notable, and based on the soundest horse-sense. Free food—not spiritual food nor casual shore dinners, not such dubious proven-der as manna and locusts—but chicken à la Maryland, roast beef, spareribs, and due proportions of vegetables and sweets, are set out in every Heaven for every hungry person, free. Each convert, in confirmation of rebirth, receives a new

name: we hear of Faithful Mary, Radiant Illumination, Virgin Lena, Lily Dove, and the like. Further, there are parades, in which thousands of angels in white and green and purple raiment march to all kinds of music. There are suitable living quarters: no angel lies out in the cold. There is employment: no angel has ever been on a Relief roll, although Father Divine attempted, without success, to get some PWA jobs allotted to him. There are certain prohibitions, but the congregations of his Saved find the Father's commands joyful burdens because of his multiple benefactions. The most extraordinary is the prohibition of sex: Father Divine, some time between 1926 and 1930, revealed that in Heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage; and hence his angels have no sex life.

This feature has received, along with the Father's fiscal arrangements, the sharp scrutiny of the peace officers. They planted in his principal Harlem heaven a comely she-operative, described as having the sort of personal charm that makes the most frigid saint stand up and bark like a fox. She brought her batteries to bear on the Father, on his lieutenant angels, and on casual saved persons in the con-

gregation, both white and colored; but reported in deep humiliation, after extensive trials, that they were proof against such fires. Mr. Hoshor confirms this aspect of the faith. Statement was made to him that the Father's children continually enjoy spiritual ecstasies transcending any raptures of the flesh. Their habitual greeting to every person is: "Peace! It's wonderful!" And the transports of their congregations are such as to make the scornful, who wish to sleep at night, abandon the neighborhood.

One result of the sex taboo is that it breaks up families; for an angel forsakes all things and follows the Father, quite literally. The local courts of domestic relations deal with many cases, some of them tragic. But to have established a bar against the love of Harlem is, I submit, miraculous, for that love is reported to be very hot indeed. And here again, the Father's judgment must be extolled. Deep beneath his precepts is the dream of racial equality. Since his heavens contain both white and colored angels, he is on sure ground when he prevents the commerce of the sexes. Not even New York would swallow indiscriminate miscegenation.

As to money, various official agencies have investigated in vain.

There seems to be an inexhaustible supply: the Father and his agents pay cash for everything, and lack nothing. A recent purchase is a great acreage of New York State farm land for co-operative agriculture. The Father himself, most up-to-date of deities, rides in an orchid-colored Rolls-Royce, and flies through the air in a red monoplane. Only Elijah, with his chariot of fire, can equal him here. Besides the principal Heaven in Harlem, there are 137 others, but only one of them is in the South. This also is good judgment, for perhaps the Southerners are not quite prepared for grace. Something unseemly might occur. . . .

The Father has begun to dabble a little in politics, both national and international. Many possibilities lie before him. He gives his faithful bread and circuses, and relieves them of the fear of the future — which is the principal terror of modern life. There are other movements towards the elimination of race distinctions, and he will know how to adapt them. Unless the income tax people or the constabulary, now working indirectly through the tortuous mazes of the law, manage to nobble Father Divine, Mr. Hoshor's book may be but an early item of a large and grotesque literature.

THE CHECK LIST

★★★★★ indicate a book of exceptional and lasting merit. ★★★★★ a distinguished and valuable work. ★★★ a readable and engaging volume. ★★ a fair performance. ★ an unimpressive book, but with some minor characteristic of value. The absence of stars may be taken to mean the absence of merit.

BIOGRAPHY

★★ BRANDEIS, by Alfred Lief. \$3.00. *Telegraph Press*. A sympathetic biography of the senior Liberal justice of the United States Supreme Court, in which the traditions of the horse-and-buggy days play a very small part. Recommended reading for all forward-looking New Dealers.

★★ HAIG, by Duff Cooper. \$4.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. The Field Marshal of Great Britain during the World War committed a number of egregious mistakes in the military arena, but they are not emphasized here. The result is a sympathetic biography written by an Empire-loving statesman, based in the main on Haig's hitherto unpublished diaries and letters.

★★ PROPHET OF AMERICA, by Newton Dillaway. \$3.00. *Little, Brown*. An earnest and plausible effort to interpret Ralph Waldo Emerson's philosophy in terms of today's problems, with a vociferous denial that the Concord sage was an "easy optimist."

★★ GOMEZ, TYRANT OF THE ANDES, by Thomas Rourke. \$3.50. *Morrow*. Dreadful cruelty in Venezuela, on the Spanish Main. The Tyrant brought his country out of debt, and left it abundantly solvent. He is the only Latin-American statesman who ever outsmarted the Yankee and British concessionaires. Yet his people appear to have been much relieved when old age took him off.

★ MOHAMMED, by Essad Bey. \$2.50. *Longmans, Green*. Simple and homely story of the mystical camel driver who changed the stream of history. As to how much is fact and how much fable, you must take your choice, in company with the most profound savants, for Mohammed ibn Abdallah, ibn Abdelmottalib, ibn Hashim, the Koreishite, is imperfectly documented.

POETRY

★★★★★ COLLECTED POEMS OF FORD MADDOX FORD. \$3.00. *Oxford Press*. An American printing — and high time, too — of the verse of one known chiefly for his prose, but who has written more exact, more individual, and altogether more readable poetry than most of the popular verse-makers of his generation.

★★★ IDEAS OF ORDER, by Wallace Stevens. \$2.00. *Knopf*. A popular reprint of an expensive limited edition previously reviewed, published a year ago, and containing, with the addition of a few new poems, a scant sixty pages.

★★★ THE BAD PARENT'S GARDEN OF VERSE, by Ogden Nash. \$2.00. *Simon & Schuster*. With all his old dexterity and a new straightforward simplicity, Nash shows he still is not only the funniest but the most winning of his class. The Faunteroyish illustrations by Reginald Birch are incongruously, even gorgeously, appropriate.

★★ CALLING WESTERN UNION, by Genevieve Taggard. \$2.00. *Harpers*. A curious mixture of emotions and effects; not a fusion but a confusion of angry protest, high-pitched passion, and genuine poetry by one who once composed pure lyrics.

★★ TIME IN THE ROCK, by Conrad Aiken. \$2.50. *Scribners*. About a hundred more — or are they the same? — preludes which Aiken has been writing and evidently cannot stop improvising: dream-like, hypnotic, garrulous, grandiose, tired, tiresome, sometimes mad, and always richly musical.

★★ THE ASSASSINS, by Frederic Prokosch. \$2.00. *Harpers*. Strangely dislocated, strongly influenced (mostly by Perse and Eliot), but persuasive in its tropical use of language and potent in its imaginative reach.

★★ POEMS OF PEOPLE, by Edgar Lee Masters. \$2.50. *Appleton-Century*. Poems about Catullus, Washington, Boone, De Soto, Andrew Jackson, Perry, and fictional characters in many meters, mostly orthodox. Although the form is more regular and the range wider than *Spoon River Anthology*, the author seems unable to recapture the concision and suggestiveness of his one great work.

★★ ENGLISH SONNETS. Edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch. \$2.00. *Crowell*. A reprint, with a new introduction and some additions, of a collection prepared almost forty years ago, notable for its good taste, certainty, and complete lack of pioneering.

★ HILL GARDEN, by Margaret Widdemer. \$2.00. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Pretty pretty, sometimes pretty funny, but mostly pretty awful.

GREEN GROWS THE LAUREL, by Hazel L. Zimmerman. \$2.00. *Putnam's*. WIND FROM THE HILLS, by Clara Endicott Sears. \$1.50. *Putnam's*. Two revealing examples of how poetry should not be written. Miss Zimmerman is the head of a Western investment house for women, and Miss Sears is a collector whose motto, she says, is "Keep a furnished mind!"

THE TREE OF TIME, by Gertrude Huntington McGiffert. \$2.00. *Putnam's*. A thick volume (250 pages) of thin verse.

HISTORY

★★★ THE WAR IN OUTLINE, by Liddell Hart. \$2.00. *Random House*. Ax-grinders will take issue with Captain Hart's synopsis of the First Armageddon: he will be accused variously of patriotism, treason, pedantry, carelessness, erudition, ignorance. But the job of condensing the War into 285 pages is formidable enough to warrant certain errors. In the main, the Captain has synopsized skillfully.

★★ THE HISTORY OF THE HAYMARKET AFFAIR, by Henry David. \$4.00. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Left-wingers will enjoy this painstaking analysis of one of America's most famous proletarian *causes célèbres*, for Professor David takes the general view that Labor was right and Capital wrong in their respective reactions to the Chicago bomb-fest of 1886. He might be on more tenable ground if he admitted that both were wrong.

FICTION

★★★★ GREEN MARGINS, by E. P. O'Donnell. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. A fine story of those curious people who glean from the sea in the low countries where Louisiana sprawls into the Gulf of Mexico. The author writes with sure knowledge, with decency, and unflinching taste.

★★★★ SALAR THE SALMON, by Henry Williamson. \$2.50. *Little, Brown*. The charm of a nature story has never been more tastefully exploited than in Mr. Williamson's deep-sea saga. He combines the rhythm of poetic language with a moving story of how, in man's fancy, the inhabitants of the ocean live, mate, fight, and die.

★★★ THE LOST EXILE, by Eugene Löhrke. \$2.00. *Appleton-Century*. Forty years of an American businessman's life pass in review during the eight-hour scene of this story. Adept characterizations and, in places, brilliant writing.

★★★ DIVIDE THE DESOLATION, by Kathryn Jean MacFarlane. \$2.50. *Simon & Schuster*. All members of the talented Brontë family come to life in this sympathetic and imaginative tale based on the life of Emily. An unusually fine first novel.

★★ FAR FOREST, by Francis Brett Young. \$2.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. Romance in the Hardy tradition, laid against an authentic background of English countryside. Warm-blooded Jennie, the miner's daughter, searches for marital happiness in the wife-beating region of the Black Country.

★ CO-OP, by Upton Sinclair. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. If EPIC won't save you, the Co-op movement will. The seer of California in his best mood, writing ineffectively about moon-chasing, the Dirty Capitalists, and the Heart of Gold which beats beneath every proletarian breast.

★ THE BELLS OF BASEL, by Louis Aragon. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. Another attempt by a Left-wing apostle to prove that pre-war Europe "rushed to its doom" without so much as lifting a finger in protest. The aftermath of Armageddon, of course, is the world's glorious opportunity to embrace Russia's New Theology, guaranteed to cure or kill.

A TIME TO REMEMBER, by Leane Zugsmith. \$2.00. *Random House*. How the cruel department store bosses grind the poor proletarians between the cash register and the notions counter. Moral: Whenever in doubt, call a strike. An accurate guidebook for Comrades on the picket line.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

★★★★ NEITHER PURSE NOR SWORD, by James M. Beck and Merle Thorpe. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. A capable analysis and defense of constitutional democracy, as practiced in these United States. An ungrateful nation, the authors indicate, has betrayed the heritage of its farseeing founders.

★★★ WHY QUIT OUR OWN?, by George N. Peek and Samuel Crowther. Fifty cents. *Van Nostrand*. Mr. Peek joined Dr. Roosevelt's Administration with high hopes; but he soon discovered that hopes and politics are antithetical. The book unfolds his disillusionment with the collectivist program of the Brain Trust.

★★ GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS ABROAD, by Henry Russell Spencer. \$3.50. *Holt*. Up-to-date and comprehensive treatment of the leading governments of the world, excluding America, with details of their historical backgrounds, political developments and parties, administrative systems, and social programs. A fine addition to the shelf of reference books.

★ WORLD POLITICS, 1918-1936, by R. Palme Dutt. \$2.50. *Random House*. According to Mr. Dutt, the immediate abolition of capitalism, imperialism, nationalism, patriotism, and Fascism would make the world a lovely place in which to live — because there would then remain only the soothing glow of Communism. A grand conglomeration of mental treacle.

ECONOMICS

★★★ THE BALANCE SHEETS OF IMPERIALISM, by Grover Clark. \$2.75. *Columbia University Press*. Sad statistical news for the radicals, who are fond of blaming imperialism for all the troubles of the capitalistic world.

★★ A PLACE IN THE SUN, by Grover Clark. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Mr. Clark of Columbia continues his researches into the reasons why imperialism does not pay.

★★ THE PROBLEM OF INVESTMENT, by F. I. Shaffner. \$3.00. *Wiley*. The moral obtaining from this weighty economic treatise is that the investor, as well as the government, must be taught to plan rationally for the future before any Utopia can be brought about.

★★ THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN BUSINESS AND BANKING THOUGHT, by Charles C. Chapman. \$2.50. *Longmans, Green*. A surveyor of American business during the past two decades accepts the public-spending-wealth-producing theory to bolster the nation's credit, yet goes to infinite pains to prove that the House of Morgan is the most reprehensible influence in the history of private enterprise.

MISCELLANEOUS

★★★ HEADS AND TALES, by Malvina Hoffman. \$5.00. *Scribners*. The sculptor-daughter of Hoffman, the pianist, jots down the memoirs of an amazingly varied life, with emphasis upon the five years she devoted to creating the Hall of Man at the Field Museum in Chicago.

★★★ LADIES OF THE PRESS, by Ishbel Ross. \$3.75. *Harpers*. Miss Ross is one up on the Fourth Estate. She has told the fantastic tales of the sisters of journalism, without erring on the side of accuracy or pedantry. The newspapermen of America should make a graceful bow to the weaker sex.

★★★ LIFE WAS LIKE THAT, by Mary Doyle. \$2.75. *Houghton Mifflin*. Mary Doyle started as a newsstand girl at the old Waldorf; she rose to become a star reporter on the New York *World*. This is the gaudy tale of her experiences in pre-war Manhattan, when celebrities allegedly stood on every Broadway corner, waiting to be interviewed by an alert journalist. Miss Doyle has a fine flair for anecdote and human interest.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

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ORCHESTRAL

***††† *Symphony in B Minor (No. 8)*,
Schubert: RCA-Victor (three 12-inch records,
\$6.50). Serge Koussevitzky and the
Boston Orchestra put the twelfth version
of the *Unfinished* into the catalogues. A
sober and respectable performance, distinguished
by dramatic contrasts rather than
unusual poetizing. By far the best recording
extant, however.

***†† *Symphonie Fantastique (Opus 14)*,
Berlioz: Columbia (seven 12-inch records,
\$9). Not as extraordinary a performance as
that by Weingartner, which it supersedes,
this interpretation by Selmar Meyrowitz
and the Orchestre Symphonique of Paris
renders musical justice to Berlioz's fevered
score. Made in a studio, the recording lacks
the realism of concert-hall reproduction. It
is otherwise good.

***†† *Brandenburg Concerto (No. 2) in F*,
Bach: Victor (two 12-inch records, \$3).
Occasional vagaries of phrasing by Alfred
Cortot, who conducts, reduce the quality
of this spirited performance by the École
Normale Chamber Orchestra (Paris). The
adagio is excellent, and the difficult high
trumpet of the last movement is well
played.

ORGAN

***††† *Organ Music, Bach*: Columbia (seven
12-inch records, \$14). This first volume of
a comprehensive survey of Bach's organ
music is played by Albert Schweitzer, eminent
Alsatian musicologist. The playing inclines
to be stolid, but it has fine honesty
and directness. Included are the F minor,
C major, G major Preludes and Fugues:
the G minor Fantasy and Fugue, and the D
minor Toccata and Fugue.



RECORDED MUSIC

PIANO

***†† *Waltzes (Opus 39) and Five Intermezzi, Brahms*: Victor (four 12-inch records, \$8). Expert performances by Wilhelm Backaus, especially of the Intermezzi (No. 4 of opus 116, Nos. 1 and 2 of opus 117, Nos. 1 and 2 of opus 119). The Waltzes would profit by more capriciousness than Backaus permits himself, but he is to be commended for his avoidance of distortion.

****†† *Mazurka in C sharp minor (Opus 50, No. 3), and Two Etudes, Chopin*: Victor (12-inch record, \$2). Vladimir Horowitz at his finest, with a maturing musicality to supplement his magnificent technical skill.

DANCE

Exactly Like You and Love Me or Leave Me, Dinah and Moon Glow (Victor, two 10-inch records, \$.75 each). Latest and best examples of the remarkable Benny Goodman Trio, here augmented by a Vibraphone. Indispensable items for the real swing connoisseurs.

I Know that You Know and A Porter's Love Song (Brunswick, 10-inch, \$.75). Red Norvo, who can make a xylophone sound like a musical instrument, backed by his able orchestra, with Mildred Bailey as the gusty vocalist.

You've Got Something and De-Lovely (Victor, 10-inch, \$.75). Cole Porter's newest, neatly polished by Eddy Duchin and orchestra.

Slaughter on Tenth Avenue (Victor, 12-inch, \$1.25). Deft performance by Paul Whiteman of Richard Roger's bright pseudo-ballet from "On Your Toes". Much above most of the day's ephemera.

La Bomba and Mi Sombrero (Victor, 10-inch, \$.75). Spanish stuff by the eminent Xavier Cugat and Orchestra. The tunes are not much, but you are scarcely aware of them when they are thoroughly Cugated.

Say "Si Si" and Hot Tamales (Brunswick, 10-inch, \$.75). Also Latin, but more in the Cuban manner. The players are Antobal's Cubans, an unfamiliar band but a good one.



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WASHINGTON, D. C.



THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from front adv't section, p. xii)

We know that the sun cures rickets, anemia, throat and lung troubles, and a host of other disorders that beset the sun-starved human race. There may be sunstrokes, but we have never heard of one in a Nudist camp. Dr. A. W. Evans said years ago that most sunstrokes are not caused by the sun at all, but by the fermentation of beer, so that according to this authority, they are not sunstrokes but beerstrokes.

The San Diego Exposition was not a sample of Nudism, for there were no Nudists there to show themselves, only professional ballyhooers and they were not nude. If some female had scorched her seating surface on a hot rock there, this calamity must have happened in spite of her garment. This might have happened to any other lady on a hot Summer day, for what they wear nowadays would not protect them from a hot surface, be it a stone or a car fender.

That man is a tool-using animal and therefore needs clothes because he needs pockets which are lacking in his skin, is not a valid objection because Nudists do not advocate bare skin except while at play. Besides, most women have very few pockets, if any, and they seem to get along quite well, although they frequently mislay their purses.

The point that it might be hard to tell the difference between the archbishop and the street-sweeper in the nude seems to us to be a powerful argument for Nudism. Would it not be better and perhaps more to the welfare of the human race if persons of authority and dignity tried to express their superiority by their personality, their learning, and their carriage? Too long have we judged the human race by its tailors instead of

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THE OPEN FORUM

the nobility of characters. Sometimes we are tempted to think that archbishops are so anxious to denounce Nudism because they instinctively fear that in a nude world, their authority would be at an end.

ALOIS S. KNAPP

Roselawn, Ind.



PUBLISHER vs. CRITIC

SIR: Evidently I am a glutton for punishment, for I still send books to your magazine whose poetry critic is deliberately blind to the merits of any book bearing my imprint. "The lapse into platitude, pathos, and unconscious burlesque is characteristic," he writes. "Practically every page of this incredibly ugly book is crammed with rhymes which may be found only in such magazines as *Our Dumb Animals*"—your critic then lists nine other publications whose reputation for poetry is negligible.

I have no objection to an honest opinion. The anthology may be incredibly ugly, though of the thousands of comments, only one other critic felt the same. But to say "Edna St. Vincent Millay, Louise Bogan, Anna Hempstead Branch, and a few other representative contemporaries" reveals your critic's ignorance or malicious indifference to the truth. I enclose for your edification a partial list of some of the 1311 contributors to *Contemporary American Women Poets*. That "practically every page is crammed" etc., is another way of saying that these reputable poets are definitely bad.

Thirty-nine book publishers and perhaps 200 publications are credited with permission to reprint these poems. Yet

(Continued on page xxii)

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xxi)

your critic has selected ten lesser magazines as typical of the original sources of these poems. Would it interest you to know that many of the poems appeared in *Poetry*, *Voices*, *Commonweal*, *Literary Digest*, *New Yorker*, *Saturday Review of Literature*, *Atlantic*, *AMERICAN MERCURY* (sic!), *Harper's*, *Century*, *Nation*, *New Masses*, *Yale Review*, *Conning Tower*, *Scribner's*, *North American Review*, and other equally reputable publications?

If, after your critic had mentioned these shall I say overlooked facts, he came to the conclusion that "the book is a bad joke on the reader, a worse one on the contributors", I should respect his honesty. As it is, I can have only contempt for his malice.

HENRY HARRISON

New York City



MR. UNTERMEYER'S REPLY

SIR: Your reviewer's position, if not his taste, should be clear to you not only from his recent review of *Contemporary Women Poets*, but from his reviews of other volumes sponsored, with a steady stream of superlatives, by the industrious Mr. Harrison. Mr. Harrison is by no means as ingenuous as his expostulating letter makes him seem. He knows what he is doing. He publishes not for readers, but for writers—for misunderstood but articulate wives, vanity-bitten teachers, interior decorators, Nature-lovers, neo-Sapphos, local celebrities, and generally "cultured", mediocre, and gullible writers of verse. With pardonable pride Mr. Harrison encloses with his letter a yard-sized sheet whereon newspaper notices of *Contemporary American Women Poets* make



THE OPEN FORUM

an intricate pattern. The very headings prove Mr. Harrison's astuteness. They stress the profitable local note. For example: *Three Richmond Women Poets Included in New Book*; *Phoenix Authors Represented in New Women's Anthology*; *Roslyn Brogue Has Verses in New Anthology*; *Flue-Dust Writers Gain Recognition*; *Nebraska's Women Poets Make Contribution*; *Oregon's Reputation as Poets' Haven Bolstered by Book*; *Lexingtonian's Verse Used in New Anthology*; *Work of Dubuque Writer Included in Anthology*; *Ormo Woman's Poem Appears in Anthology*; *Birmingham Writers Represented in Book*; *Seattle Poets in New Volume*; *Emporia Gets In!*

The volume championed by your angry correspondent contains work by 1311 women — Mr. Harrison calls them poets, although not thirty could be stretched to fit the term. The same protester is about to publish an anthology by men (poets) to match in size and, no doubt, in quality its female counterpart. This would indicate that Mr. Harrison believes there are 2622 publishable poets in These States. But I am not deceived by his pretended naïveté. Mr. Harrison does not publish poetry; he exploits it.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

New York City



FAKE PACIFISTS

SIR: H. W. Stanley's article, "Red Pacifism", is a much-needed warning for that host of religious pacifists whose world-peace, disarmament obsession has made church agencies easy marks for the disguised but purposeful agents of atheistic Sovietism. To them, Russia's

(Continued on page xxiv)

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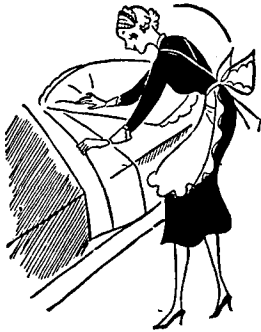


THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xxiii)

murderous record is merely an unpleasant but doubtless necessary incident on the road to an earthly Utopia; even the more recent ebullition of savagery in Spain's Communistic circles is sweetly whitewashed and glorified by the "peace-loving" members of the League Against War and Fascism. Thus in a recent gathering of that particular section of the pacifist army in Long Beach, California, the main purpose of the meeting appeared to be the raising of money in aid of Madrid's Communistic thugs. For to these pinheaded Americans, Madrid's practitioners in sabotage and murder were so many gallant, courageous representatives of the "working classes", their opponents were wicked Fascists, hence the strange, ridiculous willingness of this aggregation of American saps, presumably leagued "against war", to foster war, to join hands with Spain's governmental wreckers and hold-up men. A similar exhibit of sympathy for Spanish Communism was shown in the recent Teachers' Conference at Philadelphia. The pink pedagogues there were reported by the press to have dug down into their jeans to the tune of \$500 by way of aid to the Communist-controlled Spanish government.

Pacifists frequently exhibit this kind of inconsistency. Thus when Japan took over Manchuria, who but they were clamoring for drastic, war-producing action on the part of the United States? And it was the powerful pacifist sentiment of Britain that induced the British government to take its warlike stand against Mussolini's attack on Ethiopia. So, whenever his own ideals are threatened, our two-faced pacifist is FOR war, an attitude all the more inconsistent,



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even silly, when one considers how zealously these same bawling pacifists lobby and fight against all preparedness for war during years of seeming peace.

ROBERT C. McADIE

San Diego, Cal.



OUR AGRARIAN REVOLUTION

SIR: I recently spent several weeks in a typical Mid-Western farm community studying the relations of agriculture to government at closer range than can be reached in the official pronouncements from Dr. Wallace and his draughtsmen of the New Order. What I saw astonished me.

It may not be news to others but it was to me that the new Soil Conservation Act, driven through Congress to evade the Supreme Court's invalidation of AAA, is even more far-reaching, more sweeping in its effects, more revolutionary than its predecessor. In one county alone more than 2200 out of some 2600 farmers have signed up and will receive cash bounties for farming less. Inquiry in another county in an adjoining state disclosed a similar overwhelming willingness to accept money for not working. One farmer told me of having just attended a meeting at which the county agent advised: "Sow your land in grass and go fishing". Everywhere the thought is repeated, "Why work to raise a crop if you can get paid for not raising it?"

Still greater surprises came to me in watching the actual working of this great scheme of the Master Minds. I was present when an agent of the Department of Agriculture inspected a farm whose tenant was applying for enrollment under the new Act. When

(Continued on page xxxv)

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(Continued from page xxv)

his crop for 1936 had been tabulated and compared with the use of the land in 1935, it developed that the acreage was the same—thirty-eight acres in actual cultivation for last year and the same for this year. It seemed that the farm did not qualify for a bounty, since no land had in fact been “diverted”. But the agent was resourceful; he was anxious to help. “Now, think hard,” he encouraged the farmer. “Are you sure that you had no crops on any of this land that we’ve listed as idle last year?”

The farmer engaged in some hard thinking. (He was a tenant who had been on the place two years and made two failures.) As a result of this cogitation he suddenly remembered that six acres of this idle land had not been idle last year. “I sowed a late cane crop over there,” he corrected. This refreshing of his memory will earn him exactly \$56.10, as the compensation in that county is \$9.35 an acre.

“Now, let’s look at that wheat of yours,” the agent continued. We walked through the wheat which had headed and was just then filling out.

“Not much good,” the agent suggested, to which the tenant assented rather glumly. “I’ll tell you what you can do. Don’t harvest it. Just turn your cows in and pasture it, or hog it down, and the government will pay you \$9.35 an acre for it. There’s fourteen acres you say? That will bring you \$130.90.”

The farmer licked his lips pleasantly. Here was a break he had not expected. Sure, he would pasture the wheat at that figure. He signed. He was richer by \$187 than he had expected. “Because that wheat’s so sorry, I had about decided it wasn’t worth cutting anyway,” he confided to me later.

We gasp at the Soldiers’ Bonus, and rightly. But here is a give-away more flagrant, more wasteful, more astounding than the bonus grab. Incidents such as these are being multiplied by hundreds of thousands all over the country.

FRED DE ARMOND

Bergenfield, N. J.



A LETTER TO H. L. MENCKEN

Dear Mr. Mencken: Your reputation led me to think of you as one of our Great Modern Minds. Your letters to Upton Sinclair in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* certainly belittle and cheapen you. You are not only grossly unfair to Mr. Sinclair; you are unfair to yourself when you stoop to the level of charging him with having an “itch for office”, etc.

I am supporting Franklin D. Roosevelt this year, along with an overwhelming majority of American citizens; but it is no credit to him and James Farley that they took Sinclair for a ride, as you expressed it.

For heaven’s sake, if you are trying to help humanity, work with those who are also laboring in the cause of justice, and do not allow professional jealousy to get the better of you. Shame!

GEORGE A. FLANAGAN, D.D.S.

Oakland, Cal.



THE REWARD OF THRIFT

SIR: Congratulations to you and Channing Pollock for “The Survival of the Unfittest” in the August *MERCURY*. Amongst all the mass of drivel that has been written in criticism of today’s madness, Pollock’s piece stands out as the

(Continued on page xxviii)

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of *The American Mercury*, published monthly at Concord, New Hampshire, for October 1st, 1936.

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lawrence E. Spivak, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Manager of *The American Mercury* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: **Publisher**, The American Mercury, Inc., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; **Editor**, Paul Palmer, Ridgefield, Connecticut; **Managing Editor**, Gordon Carroll, Ridgefield, Connecticut; **General Manager**, Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Paul Palmer, Ridgefield, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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Lawrence E. Spivak, *General Manager*. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1936. J. V. Ferman, *Notary Public*. [Seal] (My commission expires March 30, 1937.)



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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xxvi)

work of a man who has something to say and knows how to say it.

I am sincerely sorry Pollock did not at least touch on the *causes* of our present difficulties: abuse of power, mismanagement, indifference, on the one hand . . . ignorance, superstition, laziness, on the other. The leaders, so-called, led the mob to the edge of an economic precipice. Now they desperately seek to maintain their balance, hoping the while the rolling tide behind will not shove them off into space.

Before the New Deal with its flamboyant promise of social security burst like a fresh sunrise on the American horizon, it lay within the power of the money-masters to start the country back toward comparative prosperity. The signs were plain that we were headed toward the rocks. I intend no defense of Roosevelt when I say that in the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era the big bosses of the American financial empire twiddled their thumbs at White House breakfasts and teas and calmly predicted early improvement in conditions.

It was bad, of course, for millions of workers to be without jobs, but when the great middle class began to feel the pinch, real trouble developed. How many small businessmen were wiped out will never be known. All could not go into the apple-selling business on street corners as Mr. Hoover naïvely suggested. Individual initiative died a lingering and painful death in the breasts of men who by diligence had accumulated moderate substance. Looking around, these former bulwarks of the nation saw only ruin and little hope of regaining their lost ground. This was their reward for thrift and rugged, individual perseverance.

Thus both labor and small business were betrayed and are still being betrayed by selfish, power-mad industrialists and bankers. Unfortunately, many of the leaders of labor and small business are no better than those who lead above. And this brings us inevitably to Pollock's conclusion that *damn few are qualified to lead*.

JOSEPH AGOR

Shamokin, Pa.



CORRECTION

SIR: I am writing to call to your attention a rather glaring error in your CHECK LIST of books for November. *The Trouble I've Seen*, by Martha Gellhorn, instead of being "eight little stories, two of the eight unforgettable", consists of four long short stories, all four quite unforgettable. A correction in any form which you might consider appropriate would be much appreciated.

C. HALLIWELL DUELL

William Morrow & Co.

New York City



NEGROES IN THE AIR

SIR: In the article "America Will Never Fly", Kenneth Brown Collings writes that "Negroes cannot fly—even the bureau of Air Commerce admits that". This simply isn't true and I trust that his misstatement is not indicative of the general accuracy of his article.

There are Negro aviators in the Colombian, Brazilian, Venezuelan, and French armies, and perhaps elsewhere. One of the most popular war heroes in Paris is Eugene Bullard, an American-born Negro who fought in the air for France and brought down a flock of

(Continued on page xxx)

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(Continued from page xxviii)

German planes. The first American Negro to successfully fly a plane was Bessie Coleman, who died in a crash in Jacksonville, Florida, around 1927. She was a pioneer American woman flyer and barnstormed all over the country.

Mr. Collings must certainly have heard of Col. John C. Robinson, dispatch carrier during the recent Italo-Ethiopian war for Emperor Haile Selassie, who eluded the entire Italian air force. He had a garage in Chicago and made his first plane from automobile parts. Color barred him from taking a course at the Curtiss Aviation School but he kept on applying until the president let him in as porter. He was so well liked by the students and faculty that he was finally admitted as a student. He finished with honor and finally became an instructor, teaching white students!!

At the present time there are fifty-five licensed Negro pilots. These Negroes whom Mr. Collings says cannot fly have flown across the country; to Montreal from New York; to the West Indies from Atlantic City; and from New York to Haiti. They staged their first all-Negro air show at Los Angeles on Labor Day, 1931, and eight colored flyers participated, stunting without mishap before 15,000 people. Another show was staged on December 6, 1931, when seven Negro aviators took off in as many planes.

Considering the facts, Mr. Collings owes the Aframericans an apology. One can understand how he made the mistake, however, for there is a conspiracy in America to keep the Negro out of aviation as well as a lot of other avenues of endeavor. Those who have made the grade have done so in the face of

tremendous odds that would have disheartened others.

Finally, it is about time white Americans accepted the fact that there isn't anything they can do that their colored brothers cannot do. You just can't keep Sambo down — even on the ground.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

New York City



MR. COLLINGS REPLIES

SIR: In stating that Negroes cannot fly, I quoted a high official of the Bureau of Air Commerce who has recorded the experience of the aviation industry. At the time of my interview with this official, I had just returned from Ethiopia where I had met Mr. John C. Robinson, and both of us knew that Mr. Robinson *was* an aviator. Which proved nothing except the well-known fact that there are exceptions to all rules.

Obstacles have not always been placed in the way of would-be Negro aviators; schools have been established for them exclusively. The same official gave me the case history of one such school in the Middle West — and the percentage of students who graduated was zero.

Ten per cent of the American population are Negroes. There are 15,000 airplane pilots (exclusive of military) in the country and if the normal ratio was maintained, 1500 of them would be Negroes. Mr. Schuyler states that there are fifty-five Negro pilots. The officials of the Bureau of Air Commerce believe that that discrepancy is too great to be attributed to anything other than a lack of ability.

KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

Rockville Centre, L. I.

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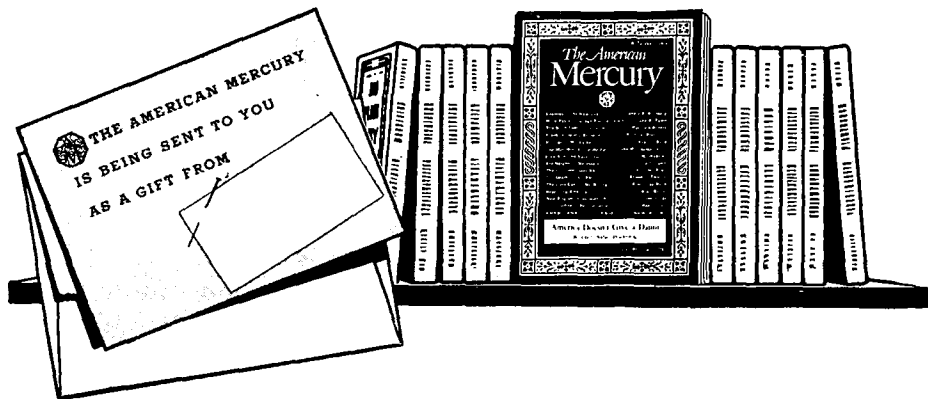
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SHERRIES



A new conception of fine sherry awaits you. Many years ago in old Spain the first Gonzalez began laying away deftly blended stocks of rich wines. Time brought recognition of his skill—years spread his fame throughout the world. Today, few, if any, sherry houses are as large as the House of Gonzalez. His secret, handed down through the Gonzalez family, still lives in Gonzalez Sherries.

At cocktail time, or at *any* time—if it is Gonzalez, you can detect in its rich tastiness the proud artistry of one of Spain's oldest sherry families. Yet Gonzalez Sherries are moderately priced.

Since 1835 Gonzalez Sherry has been made and bottled at Jerez, Spain. There's a fine Gonzalez Sherry for every taste.



GUIDE TO SHERRY ENJOYMENT

Gonzalez "Diamond Jubilee," rich and golden . . .
Gonzalez "Cochran," pale and medium dry . . .
Gonzalez "Royal Amontillado," dry, nutty, full bodied . . .
Gonzalez "Tio Pepe," extra dry. Alcohol 20% by volume.

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